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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The dispatches of Sir John French and of the Officers in command of the British Fleet have been the great feature of the war news this week. We hope and believe that the British public has thoroughly grasped this great essential truth: that, in the words of Mr. William Watson's poem in to-day's SATURDAY REVIEW, "the men who man" the two great Services are the people who are to-day assuring us our liberties and our livelihood. The soldiers and the sailors, the fighting men, officers and rank and file—they and no others are doing this, saving and upholding us, saving and upholding our Empire. All that the people outside the two Services—Government, officials of all kinds, voluntary workers—can do is to aid by strenuous and faithful organisation at home. In varying degrees the civilians—the Government, officials, and voluntary workers—must be content to be regarded as the class who "only stand and wait": it is the soldier and the sailor who play the really active and supreme part now. This must be borne in on every intelligent person by the splendid dispatches of Sir John French.

The first of the new dispatches relates the battle of the Marne and the retreat of the German armies in September. This retreat is now clearly seen as being far from the rout it was imagined to be by the more credulous and hopeful observers. At the same time it was disastrous for the German plan of campaign. Sir John French summarises the result: "Although I deeply regret to have had to report heavy losses in killed and wounded throughout these operations, I do not think they have been excessive in view of the magnitude of the great fight, the outlines of which I have only been able very briefly to describe, and the demoralisation and loss in killed and wounded which are known to have been caused to the enemy by the vigour and severity of the pursuit". What this vigour and severity meant for our British troops may be inferred from the fact that for three weeks they were ceaselessly engaged without halt or rest.

A feature of these dispatches is the generous praise given by Sir John French to his officers and men. Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien was especially selected in the Mons dispatch. The fortune of the field has now brought forward Sir Douglas Haig for conspicuous commendation. Sir Douglas Haig had a distinguished share in the general advance upon the Aisne of the 14th September: "The action of the 1st Corps on this day", writes Sir John French, "under the direction and command of Sir Douglas Haig was of so skilful, bold, and decisive a character that he gained positions which alone have enabled me to maintain my position for more than three weeks of very severe fighting on the north bank of the river". Describing more generally the battle of the Aisne, Sir John French again brings forward Sir Douglas Haig: "I cannot", he says, "speak too highly of the valuable services rendered by Sir Douglas Haig and the Army Corps under his command. Day after day and night after night the enemy's infantry has been hurled against him in violent counter-attack which has never on any one occasion succeeded, whilst the trenches all over his position have been under continuous heavy artillery fire."

Sir John French writes with enthusiasm of the conduct and spirit of our troops. His words are the more remarkable when we take into account the extreme sobriety of phrase and epithet with which these documents are presented. Here are three terse and splendid paragraphs taken from the dispatch:—

"It is difficult to describe adequately and accurately the great strain to which officers and men were subjected almost every hour of the day and night throughout this battle. . . .

"The tax on the endurance of the troops was further increased by the heavy rain and cold which prevailed for some ten or twelve days of this trying time.

"The Battle of the Aisne has once more demonstrated the splendid spirit, gallantry, and devotion which animates the officers and men of His Majesty's Forces."

There is no better instance of the noble reserve of these great dispatches than in the brief sentence which

tells of Sir John French's interview with General Joffre: "I strongly represented my position to the French Commander-in-Chief, who was most kind, cordial and sympathetic". The more deeply we consider these words, the more we are struck with the courtesy and confidence between the Commanders which they imply.

We turn now to the dispatches from the Fleet. They cover the successful action of our cruisers in the Heligoland Bight, and they also give an excellent account of our submarine flotilla. We now see quite clearly that, if the German submarines have done most damage, it is only because they necessarily have more opportunity. Our fleet is upon the high seas, open to attack at any moment, whereas to come at the German ships the most perilous and expert seamanship is required. The story of how our submarines have wormed their way in and out of the enemy's lines is heroic. These dispatches, by the way, put it beyond doubt that the German ships fired upon our boats when rescuing German crews.

Submarine service in the Bight gives to officers and men unrivalled opportunities to distinguish themselves in an adventurous and active fashion. Naturally it is very popular. "Service in the Heligoland Bight", says the Commodore, "is keenly sought after by the Commanding Officers of the Eighth Submarine Flotilla, and they have all shown daring and enterprise in the execution of their duties. These officers have unanimously expressed to me their admiration of the cool and gallant behaviour of the officers and men under their command. They are, however, of the opinion that it is impossible to single out individuals when all have performed their duties so admirably". We must not, however, forget the zeal and heroism of our cruisers in the interest of a stranger method of war. Everyone should read these dispatches from the Fleet in detail.

Only the briefest reports have come through this week of the present position in France and Belgium. The fiercest fighting seems to be taking place in the north-west—around Lille, Nieupoort, Dixmunde, and La Bassée. It is a coastwise battle, in which British warships have been able to bear a part. Elsewhere we hear only of German counter-attacks repulsed, and positions successfully held. Notable is the part played by the remnants of the Belgian Army in districts where the fighting has been most keen. In the eastern theatre the Russians are now more clearly seen in concentration about Warsaw. The German advance has paused and receded. It is hardly possible to judge how far this is to be read as a "rout" of the German army. Clearly Warsaw is safe. Clearly, too, there can be no really effective invasion of Russian territory as the forces stand. The point of interest for ourselves is whether a resort to the defensive by the German staff in Poland will not again set free a formidable force for use in France and Belgium.

The "Hawke" was avenged on Saturday last by the sinking of four German destroyers without the loss of a British ship. May we build upon the fact that the success of Germany at sea has so far been almost wholly by submarine? British gunnery above water has so far proved superior to the German. Where the Germans have succeeded, their success has been strictly scientific—the shooting of powerful explosives into a vast and almost stationary target. The success of submarine action is different in kind from success in handling the guns of a ship. We do not, of course, imply that submarine warfare is necessarily a less gallant or skilful form of fighting. The heartening dispatch of Commodore Keyes describing the "patient and skilful zeal" of Lieutenant Horton and his fellow officers speaks eloquently to the contrary. We must acknowledge that in the German seaman we are finding an audacious and clever foe. The "Emden" has reappeared, with disastrous results to our shipping

off the coast of India; but it seems to have behaved with some consideration for its helpless victims. How long will the "Emden" run free? Her exploits begin to be a little humiliating.

We must insist on our repeated warning against all the stories, all the battle tittle-tattle, to the effect that Germany is very nearly done for, and that now she is driven to gathering in for her dwindling armies white-bearded veterans and boys under the age for military service. Because the "Cologne Gazette" and various other German papers choose to stuff up their readers in Germany with trash about England is no reason why we should act likewise. Stories told here about the utter discomfiture of Germany only serve one end—they tend to damp down recruiting. Therefore we are not greatly impressed by the extracts from this and that German soldier's diary or letters illustrative of the stricken condition of the German army and the awful character of their prospects in the near future. We shall break the power of Germany. There is not the faintest doubt about it. But the time is not yet. First, we have to build up and put into action great armies. A great deal of what we are doing ought to have been taken in hand long before the start of the war.

The "Westminster Gazette" this week reproves the SATURDAY REVIEW for suggesting that sane and patriotic people will now agree that national service must come at the close of the war. It declares itself "impenitent" in the matter. "As at present advised, a war against militarism does not convert us (writes the "Westminster Gazette") to militarism". In other words, Lord Roberts's proposals for national service are of the same kidney as German militarism, German might is right theory and practice. We dissent from this interpretation of Lord Roberts's national service proposals. It does not appear to us that the elementary duty of every citizen of suitable age and physique to defend his country when it is attacked is a form of German militarism or corresponds with the might is right and the hacking-one's-way-through theory and practice of the German General Staff and the German Chancellor.

Nor does it appear to us that Lord Roberts's national service proposals can fairly be described as militarism at all, let alone the German type of militarism. Does the "Westminster Gazette" regard Australia as an exponent of militarism? Does it regard Switzerland in the same light? Only last year Belgium settled on a plan of universal service, if we recollect aright: does the "Westminster Gazette" stigmatise Belgium as an exponent of militarism? As our contemporary has by its remarkable paragraph (19 October) invited us to ask these questions, no doubt it will give us a satisfactory reply. At present we labour under the notion that our contemporary regards Lord Roberts's modest and commonsense scheme in the light of some Bernhardt or War Lord project for dominating the world; and that, equally at least, it must disapprove of compulsory service as we find it in Australia—which is even now gallantly sending its aid to our great cause. One word more: is it not really time that the papers—and the Cabinet Ministers—who reproached and derided Lord Roberts so severely for his famous announcement about Germany in 1912 should now say that they were mistaken?

The "Morning Post's" Correspondent at Rome reports that the "Tribuna" has a somewhat tart reference to the SATURDAY REVIEW's article last week on the position of Italy. "Italy", says the "Tribuna", "will entrust her honour to no one". She will act as her interests dictate in her own time and way. The SATURDAY REVIEW has never doubted that she would. Let us again make our position clear. We have in no way entreated Italy to intervene in the war. We have made no appeal or suggestion which might bias the conduct of Italy in any definite direction. We

recognise that Italy must choose for herself as her national profit and national conscience dictate. But we have ventured to warn Italy that there are many observers of her conduct to-day who believe that she can no longer remain ambiguous without a grievous loss of prestige. No Power to-day can with honour be content merely to wait upon events with the selfish intention of seizing a profit out of the agony and waste of all Europe.

We repeat the argument of our article a week ago. Italy may with honour remain neutral to the end. Or she may, in honesty, decide for war. Italy would be cordially received at this time of crisis and peril as the friend of Great Britain, France, and Russia. But there is one thing she may not do, without everlasting discredit. She may not wait safely in ambush for some well-calculated moment, and then intrude to snatch an advantage out of the weakness of others when the work is done. We have warned Italy that she could not reasonably expect to retain any advantage gained in such a sinister fashion; and we would urge, yet again, that her Government should find some way of scattering all suspicion as to the frankness and honesty of her motives. The present war is not a struggle for trade or territory: it is a crusade of the civilised Powers provoked by a common enemy.

The Tsar, in a stroke, has wiped out the Russian State monopoly in spirits. This is a magnificent gesture of unselfishness and idealism. The Russian Government loses its first source of revenue in the interests of its poorest subjects. We shall shortly return to the inexhaustible topic of Russia's great awakening. It is not yet realised what splendid forces are loose in Russia at this time. We shall the more resolutely and gladly return to the shining and undoubted results being achieved in Russia on behalf of all that is most precious in the life of Europe to-day owing to the malicious back-biting of our ally which still persists in certain disreputable and disloyal quarters.

We again call attention this week to the grave question of German espionage. There has been during the last few days some fresh activity of the police; but we would like to know whether Mr. McKenna's late report still represents the considered opinion of the Home Office. That report, as we insist on another page of this REVIEW, is absurdly confident, and in no way represents the opinion of the country. It is largely owing to the apparent weakness of the Home Office in dealing with this matter that cowardly and spiteful outbreaks against aliens in London have occurred. If the Government had assured the public it was doing all that was necessary and reasonable, the public would not, through its more brutal members, have acted of itself. We trust that the Government will lose no time in convincing the country that it is dealing competently with this very important question; also that it will severely punish any attempt of individual law-breakers. It seems now to be moving against the aliens in a more decisive way; but we need to know more concerning this renewed activity before we can judge of its merits.

A man named Herman Ridder has—we learn from a correspondent who writes to us from the Historical Society of Pennsylvania—been making free with imaginary quotations from imaginary articles in the SATURDAY REVIEW: and his references are being printed in "The Philadelphia Press" it seems. Herman Ridder is described as the editor of the "Staats Zeitung". However, we do not know that the pro-German crusade in the United States is of much importance. It is perfectly clear that the vast majority of educated Americans are disgusted by the crimes of Germany. This feeling, we are assured by both British and American correspondents in the United States, steadily grows stronger. The United States is overwhelmingly with the Allies.

We are glad to see the Exchange Telegraph Company's representative disposes of the revived German falsehood that the cathedral at Reims is used as a point of observation by the French Army. The Germans profess to have seen lights in the spire—a story which is on a par with that which reported the spire as a resort of the French artillery. M. Sembat, the French Minister of Public Works, has lately visited Reims, and considers that the towers can be repaired, though the work will be very difficult. No doubt they can be patched up and rebuilt; but the mere substituting of new work for the old and original work is always a poor thing. It is at the best a copy, an exact imitation. It is not the real thing, any more than the copy of an Old Master is the real thing; or than the exact facsimile of the title-page of the first edition of "Paradise Lost" is the real thing. Restoration which affects to bring or give back the real and original work must always be hypocrisy, no matter how skilfully it is done. The glass at Reims, for example, which has been destroyed by the German fire might conceivably be copied so exactly that only an expert could tell that it was not the original. But it would be hypocrisy none the less.

Moreover, on 20 October an official exposure through the French Government put an end to all doubt as to the value of the German excuses for the bombarding of Reims Cathedral. The official communication ran as follows:—"The Germans, in order to justify their renewed bombardment of Reims, alleged that we placed observers in the towers of the cathedral and declare that they saw flashlight signals being made from the structure. This is a fresh lie, and it is sufficient to give the facts of the situation in order to show that it would have been of no advantage to us to place observers in the half-demolished towers or to have made flashlight signals from the top of the edifice. The whole plain of Reims can be watched equally well and less dangerously from the neighbouring heights. Finally, if we had had observers in the towers it would have been enough to have supplied them with a telephone, which would have enabled them to give information without arousing the attention of the enemy". After this, we suppose that even those excusers of German infamy and vandalism, who have been exploiting the "point of observation" invention with some industry here, and no doubt in America and other neutral countries, will retire in this particular matter.

The great rally of Canada now following India to the cause of our Empire, and of Australasia soon to appear in the same field, cannot perhaps be more finely expressed than in the 1902 Coronation Ode of Mr. William Watson, who contributes to another page of the SATURDAY REVIEW to-day:

"Time, and the ocean, and some fostering star,
In high cabal have made us what we are,
Who stretch one hand to Huron's bearded pines,
And one on Kashmir's snowy shoulder lay,
And round the streaming of whose raiment shines
The iris of the Australasian spray.
For waters have connived at our designs,
And winds have plotted with us—and behold,
Kingdom in kingdom, sway in oversway,
Dominion fold in fold."

We have been asked by a correspondent whose communications are always greatly esteemed to notice a passage in the Marquis de Ségur's memoirs of Julie de l'Espinas which is curiously appropriate to the German people of to-day. It refers to Mme. du Deffand: "L'exagération dans les termes, une des maladies de son siècle, est l'objet perpétuel de son antipathie, et les prôneurs de parti pris se font durement rabrouer 'Je fais peu du cas du monde', interromp-elle sèchement, l'un d'eux 'depuis que je me suis aperçue qu'on pouvait le diviser en trois parts: les trompeurs, les trompés et les trompettes'."

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE SPIES AND THE ZEPPELINS.

WE have never underrated the gravity of the German system of espionage. German spying is permanently and elaborately organised in every European country. More especially in Great Britain no pains have been spared by the German staff. The sure knowledge that in our midst we have a disciplined army of spies ready at a signal for prepared and concerted action puts the British Government and the British people in a very difficult position. We have on the one hand to keep our sense of fair play and proportion, to avoid panic and persecution; and on the other to guard with the utmost rigour and care against the possibility of our hospitality being abused by secret enemies.

We will deal first with the necessity for coolness and fairness. The events of last Saturday midnight clearly show that the public is in danger of losing its head. The smashing and looting of shops whose proprietors bear a German or Austrian name is a disgraceful and unmanly act. Upon the truth of this it is hardly necessary to dwell. The German newspapers will not omit to draw any such moral as the incident provides. Clearly if this sort of thing continues, if it is not at once sternly checked and punished, we lose all right to censure the manners and attitude of the German public in Berlin towards ourselves. Lynch law has never yet been tolerated in England, and we trust it never will. Every decent man must condemn without hesitation the destroyers of property in South London on Saturday night. At the same time let us honestly admit that these lawbreakers were only expressing in a violent and practical way the more civilised indignation of many who have lately talked with too little wisdom and restraint about the alien at home. We agree that the peril from spies is urgent, that it must be met, that the Government has shown itself much too confident and easy in the matter. But surely we should keep ourselves from an unreasoning and excessive distrust of everyone who carries a superfluous consonant at the end of his name, who wears a Homburg hat, or is a dealer in Viennese pastry. The best way to meet the peril with which we are confronted is directly opposed to the way we have lately been taking. There should be very little popular excitement or suspicion, and there should be strict, persistent and public action of the Government. This, unfortunately, has not always been the case. The people in the street have seemed to be doing too much and the Government has seemed to be doing too little. We do not believe that every foreign waiter carries a time fuse in his napkin; and we have no desire to hurry into premature internment all the foreign barbers in London. The Germans in Alsace made their French cooks taste the food they prepared before they ventured to eat it. Are we going to allow ourselves to get into this condition of fevered suspicion? There is a real need at this time on the part of the more credulous and excitable of our people to pull themselves sharply together. We cannot afford, because there is war, to lose touch with courtesy and common sense. We certainly cannot with impunity abandon that English sense of humour in which our enemy, to his disadvantage, is so deficient.

This preliminary warning is addressed only to those who, but for small differences of education and opportunity, would have been with the looters on Saturday last. We turn now to the main necessity. It is a necessity for vigilance on the part of the Government, for reasonable alertness and care on the part of every citizen. There is a clear sense in which the Government itself was to blame for the outrages of the past week. It was generally suspected that the Government had not done all that it might in this matter of espionage. Partly this was due to the secrecy with which the Government was forced to move; but it was also due to a quite unnecessary appearance of weakness in its visible operations. This weakness had been seized upon by several English newspapers, which have done good and legitimate work in insisting upon the gravity of the problem with which the Government has to deal. The

Government's apparent dislike of strong measures, together with the endeavour of the Press to bring the seriousness of the problem home to the public and to the authorities, has created in the public a sense of secret and indefinite menace. When the English public takes the law into its own hands it is a sure sign of distrust in the law as administered by its rulers. If the public had more confidence in Mr. McKenna it would have less suspicion of innocent bakers and grocers. The public even now has too little evidence that the Government is acting competently. It only knows that unnaturalised aliens must register, that wireless operators must have a licence, that every now and then there is a sudden raid which is not always well calculated, that the police sporadically arrest batches of suspected persons. When last the silence of the Home Office was interrupted, we were presented with a very confident and clerly document which ran flatly against common sense and such small knowledge of the facts as the public is able to command. We simply do not believe that the German secret service has been broken up and that it cannot be re-established. Mr. McKenna's statement must be read, on the mere evidence of the document with which he presents us, as simply the expression of his own personal opinion; and, on the evidence he brings, we venture to think that he has exaggerated the individual stupidity of the German agents with whom he is dealing, and that he has underrated the collective efficiency of an important branch of the German Army. The absurd distinction made between naturalised and unnaturalised aliens alone shows how the problem has been misread. We are not dealing with a sudden, extemporised invasion of alien enemies, but with an organised colony planted and instructed in time of peace—a colony which will hardly have neglected the obvious precaution of becoming technically British. In the matter of wireless apparatus the evidence is again most unsatisfactory. At first the Home Office hardly seemed to be aware that the question was important. Even now it is not acting as though it were in command of really expert advice. It raids the innocent Secretary of the Royal Society who has an apparatus for timing his clocks from the Eiffel Tower; and it shows a great, but very tardy keenness in breaking down any bit of wireless apparatus. But surely the Home Office is aware that a small wireless station can be fitted up in a few hours by means of apparatus in reach of anyone who cares to visit a small shop? We are told that the wireless operations of German agents can at once be detected because their messages can be tapped. This is common scientific knowledge. What we should really like to learn from the Home Office is whether the necessary stations for tapping these messages have been set up, and whether experiments have been made in tracking down the transmitting apparatus. These details are typical.

Mr. McKenna's document shows a large and general confidence in the work of his department. We are assured that everything is formally right. Every German spy is ticketed. The whole system is safely interned in the pigeon-holes of Scotland Yard. But this large and general confidence is not borne out in a single sentence of Mr. McKenna's report. It supposes that every German spy has revealed himself in the act, has drawn suspicion on himself, has in some way or other invited the police to notice that he is a German spy—in a word, that the German Government has systematically employed men of the most incredible imprudence. The cardinal error of the conduct and policy of the Home Office is its apparent failure to distinguish between spies who in time of peace are in continual communication with their Government and spies, planted for war purposes only, who will reveal their presence at a critical moment. The first class of spies is more easily detected than the second; and it is only the first class with which Mr. McKenna's report is directly concerned. The second class are now the more immediately dangerous, and the Home Office hardly seems to believe in their existence. The French Government has learned by bitter experience that they

are not a myth and that they cannot safely be ignored. Mr. McKenna has only to ask for the widest and most general powers to deal with our secret enemies and they will be granted. If the ordinary machinery of police prosecution and supervision is not adequate, let Mr. McKenna boldly ask for the authority he requires, or let him hand over the whole matter to the Admiralty and the War Office. Happily there are signs that the late report of the Home Office no longer expresses its point of view—that its blind optimism is no real indication of the way in which the Government looks at this grave question. The activity of the police this week has been quite unprecedented; and we must hope, till further knowledge, that this activity has been wisely controlled. Mere fright and fussiness would be even worse than the former inertia.

As to the public, this is another matter on which it is essential that common sense should rule. London will very possibly be visited before long by the Taubes—possibly, too, by the Zeppelins. There is, however, not the least excuse for becoming unnerved at the prospect, for insuring heavily against aerial bombs, for preparing elaborately against an aerial state of siege. Anything that might be even distantly described as public alarm at the idea of half-a-dozen small bombs dropped upon the vast bulk of London would be an unpardonable slur upon the sanity and courage of our people. The Admiralty has rightly taken reasonable precautions to make the enterprise as difficult and dangerous as possible to the enemy. But when we hear rumours of insurance offices busy calculating premiums against aerial risk we begin to wonder whether the fear of Zeppelins, like the fear of spies, is not being overdone in some quarters. Shakespeare, in a magnificent prologue, describes England, when widowed of her army, as "peopled with grandsires, babies, and old women". That is not literally true of England to-day. Let us beware lest someone may chance to fling that quotation at us figuratively and in derision.

THE GOVERNMENT AND "STATEMENTS IN THE PRESS".

WE fully recognise that the Government as a whole is striving loyally to support the true and only keepers and upholders to-day of our liberty, our livelihood, and our Empire—namely, the officers and men of those two magnificent forces our Army and our Fleet. The Government certainly happens to be very fortunately placed, for it has the unstinted aid of an absolutely devoted and unselfish Opposition—which, alas! the Government that was in office during the last great British war, fourteen or fifteen years ago, distinctly lacked. Still, as we say, the Government is striving loyally to assist our glorious Army and Navy, and we all owe it, therefore, our gratitude. But that is not to say that it is our duty to approve of everything it says and does.

If we might venture on one mild criticism of the Government just now, it would be that it is a little too sensitive about statements appearing "in the Press". The other day the "Times" printed a very informing article on the situation of Italy, in which it was suggested that Power that she should not seek territory in the Trentino. Promptly there appeared an official statement that the suggestion of the "Times" was unauthorised and that it was not published at the instance of the Government. We must say that, reading the article, it never would have occurred to us that the Government had suggested or directed its insertion in the "Times". This week, not the "Times", but the SATURDAY REVIEW is the culprit. A suggestion as to the island of Zeeland thrown out by "Vieille Moustache" in the article on the war has troubled the Dutch, and the Government has therefore repeated its procedure over the "Times" article, Sir Edward Grey adding thereto a touch of "acerbity". It has also been laid down definitely that articles in the Press are not inspired or authorised by the Government unless it is expressly stated so.

It occurs to us as rather singular that the Govern-

ment should select two Unionist publications, a daily journal and a weekly review, for the purpose of assuring the world that it is not the inspirer of the Press: possibly, however, that is an accident. Anyhow we must accept the action of the Government with what composure we may. But we would suggest that now the Government is taking steps to dissociate itself from "regrettable" remarks in the Opposition Press, it should likewise dissociate itself from regrettable speeches, articles, and letters by members of its own Party and by those who vote with it and support it in the House of Commons—speeches, articles, and letters which, if they do not annoy the Dutch, assuredly hearten the Germans. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, both M.P.'s voting consistently on the Government side—the last-named sitting in the House of Commons as a Liberal or Radical pure and simple—have expressed their disapproval of the war and of the British diplomacy which immediately preceded the war. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., has expressed his disapproval in the "Labour Leader", we believe, and certainly in letters to the "Times", in very strong terms indeed. The views and declarations of both have been quoted and used extensively in Germany. The Government really cannot but be painfully aware of this. If it is suggested that these incidents have passed and been forgotten we can only say that certain newspapers where these Radical members are at home tell quite another tale. We therefore suggest that the Government should at once look into this very grave and pressing matter.

THE BELGIAN REFUGEES.

THE German methods of war have been the direct cause of a national emigration from Belgium, unparalleled in numbers since the days of the Huguenots. The exodus of a whole people is the proof and, from the German point of view, one supposes, the justification of the policy of plunder and outrage: a whole nation does not flee at the approach of an ordinary enemy. There was no Belgian flight when Liège was attacked; men assumed that they were dealing with a State which, though it broke treaties, yet recognised the canons of common humanity. There was no flight when Brussels was occupied. It was the fate of Louvain which began the Belgian exodus, the fate of Malines and Termonde which stimulated it. By the time Antwerp was closely invested the example was reinforced by the stories of French villages destroyed and Reims in flames. It was clear to the Belgians that their neighbours had reverted to the usages of their barbarian ancestors. These have been described for us by Gibbon. "The laws and manners of modern nations", Gibbon writes, "protect the safety and freedom of the vanquished soldier, and the peaceful citizen has seldom reason to complain that his life, or even his fortune, is exposed to the rage of war. But in the disastrous period of the fall of the Roman Empire the happiness and security of each individual were personally attacked, and the arts and labours of ages were rudely defaced by the barbarians of Germany." The Belgians, unexpectedly faced by this revival of disciplined barbarism among their neighbours, sought refuge where they could; half a million are stated to have crossed the frontier into Holland, where they were received with devoted hospitality by the Dutch, and many thousands have come to England.

We recognise it as a national duty to help these unfortunate people, peaceful civilians of a country which has suffered solely because its Government and army have dared to make a glorious stand on behalf of the public law of Europe. Submission to Germany would have secured them peace at the cost of honour, and in effect at the cost of independence. It is to the undying credit of Belgium that her King refused, and that her army held up the German advance unaided for the first three weeks of the war. That is a debt which can hardly be redeemed. The Belgians have paid for their courage by the ruin of their country and

the loss of some of their finest monuments. But their spirit will prove a more glorious monument than any which fell in Louvain, and their material prosperity will be restored.

Meantime, the Belgian refugees in this country honourably challenge our goodwill. If pity, as Chaucer says, "springeth soon in gentle heart", it would need a heart of stone not to sympathise with these poor people, who have arrived day after day at Charing Cross, often with virtually nothing saved from the wreck of their homes. Nobody could have anticipated such a wholesale immigration; even the British Government did not, we believe, when they offered the hospitality of the British nation to the Belgian people. The result has been a temporary breakdown of the organisation for relief. That in itself was a small thing. The inconvenience of a night in a waiting-room or an office was nothing to men who had seen their homes in flames or had fled to save their children from unnamed cruelty. The organisation in London promptly called to its aid the great provincial cities, and this last week drafts of refugees have been sent to Glasgow, Nottingham, Leeds, Sheffield, and other places, where they are now receiving the welcome which is their due.

But the official organisation has wisely recognised its limitations, and has left much to voluntary effort, the traditional means of getting things done in this country. Hospitality has been offered by universities, public institutions, and thousands of private persons. The relief funds opened by municipalities and newspapers have met with a ready response; it would have been a scandal had it been otherwise, even at a time of national stress and anxiety. The public have given, and it is their duty to give again: to do so is not charity, but the payment of a debt. It is the pressing business of us all, second only to the fundamental need of helping our own country, to stand by and assist the Belgians who have lost their country and gained the applause of the whole world.

Some practical minds are already thinking of the future of the refugees. It is early to consider that matter: they need a breathing-space to recover from the shock of the storm. There is no real fear that one of the most industrious folk in Europe will suffer itself to degenerate in enforced idleness. A few, as we know, have already found temporary work in England, and that without displacing workmen here. There is some talk of land being offered them in Australia, and the suggestion has been made at Cape Town that the Dutch in South Africa may accommodate their kinsmen of the Low Countries. Both these schemes will, no doubt, receive the attention, and perhaps obtain the support, of some of the refugees here, who may be anxious to start afresh in a new home without waiting the event of a long war. A certain proportion will, no doubt, settle in this country, and the fact that many of them are skilled in trades which have not hitherto existed here will secure our own people against competition at a difficult time—a result which the Belgians themselves would be the last to desire.

For those who desire to stay here as citizens and who make their own place in this country's industry there will be a hearty welcome. But the bulk of this people will naturally desire to return to their own country when it is safe to do so. In the interval they will listen with interest to any scheme which can be put before them by the British Government for settling them temporarily in England. It has been suggested that they might build themselves cottages, plant their crops, and thus render themselves almost self-supporting by their own exertions if they were given facilities for making a start. If this idea is feasible—and we see no reason why it should not be—it will be a service both to the Belgians and ourselves, since it will add to the productiveness of this country and save our guests from the tedium of the bread of idleness—which, if their honourable exile should be prolonged by the continuance of the war, must inevitably become increasingly irksome to an active people. We hope that the Government, in consultation with the Belgian Minister, who has made untiring exertions in

the cause of his countrymen, will carefully consider this project and announce its intentions when Parliament reopens early next month. Voluntary effort is solving the immediate question of supporting and distributing the Belgian refugees. It is recognised as a public duty for everyone to do all in his power. There must be no week-end cottages standing empty and idle; no churlish weighing of discomfort against the plain duty of making some small sacrifices in return for the last sacrifice that a people can be called to offer. Even so, these measures are only temporary; and we must try to come to a permanent understanding. Germany desires the Belgians in Antwerp. The Germans do not wish to administer an empty and crippled city. Can we not form a systematic plan to hold the Belgians here till after the war is concluded? Thereby we are helping our friends and defeating our enemy. For any scheme we devise, of course, whether temporary or permanent, the aid of the Government is needed and the wishes of the Belgians must be consulted. In the meantime they are our guests, whom the nation honours for their spirit and profoundly pities for their misfortunes.

GERMAN GAUCHERIE.

WE have insisted, week by week, on the folly of that kind of weak optimism that seeks comfort in underrating the enemy. The only way to conquer Germany is to understand her. German efficiency is none the less real because it is put to abominable uses. There is probably no instance of a nation putting forth simultaneously efforts so gigantic and so various as Germany is doing to-day, and we shall be wise if we disregard altogether loose talk about the enemy's declining vigour. So much the better if the edge is really taken off his sword; but it is stark folly to assume a fact of which we have no evidence.

The German efficiency, however, has certain limitations which may be usefully considered. It will have struck most of our readers that while Germany has been mighty in the field she has shown a curious clumsiness, something quite peculiar to German diplomacy, in negotiation. Bethmann-Hollweg, with his "Scrap of paper" and "This is terrible", presents a singular contrast to Kluck, with his dash and trickiness. Hindenburg, the Junker in the field, makes his East Prussian dispositions with deadly skill. Bernstorff, the Junker as diplomatist, is the sport of New York journalists. Krupp guns hit their mark, German lies do not. They are at once ingenious and ingenuous. They give evidence of severe thought, but of a certain naïveté of conception. Rustic honesty gone wrong, Machiavellianism in a smock-frock—such is the impression made by those monstrous political fables showered abroad by German officialdom.

This obtuseness, we say, is visible even in German diplomacy. It is very widely spread among educated Germans to-day. The spirit of Zabern extends far beyond the garrison town; it has infected a large part of the German nation. It is, of course, foolish to draw up an indictment against a whole people. The Junker is not wholly typical of Germany, or even of Prussia. Perhaps there is not even a typical Junker. We know—if we did not the German comic papers would tell us just now—how quaintly we ourselves are misrepresented abroad. After all, few of us keep bulldogs, many of us dislike raw beefsteak, and English feet are not exceptionally large. In Germany, as elsewhere, there are all kinds of people. Von Kluck would pass well enough for an Englishman; the much-quoted Bernhardt suggests a remote Mediterranean Jewish ancestry; and Messrs. Ballin and Dernburg are far from satisfying the "blonde beast" idea. The code of manners in Germany is as exacting as anywhere; deportment, like everything else, is a science; is not *sittlichkeit* without a one-word equivalent in other languages? We must not make the vulgar mistake of attributing qualities to a whole people. It is foolish to call all the Germans clumsy.

Still, it is pretty certain that there is a good deal of

this blundering, iron-headed, hobbledehoy cubbishness among modern Germans. The Forstner type swarms in the army. He recruits the diplomatic service. He sits on the steps of the throne, and perhaps on the throne itself. His stiff arrogance was largely responsible for the war. It is almost solely answerable for the spirit of ferocity imparted to the war, and for the diplomatic isolation which Germany will feel severely when the time comes to discuss peace. It is worth while inquiring whence comes this singular and unamiable quality. It is in some sense a new thing. There was a fine courtesy in old Germany. The little Courts that owed a loosely defined allegiance to the Holy Roman Emperor were remarkable for pomp and punctilio. The use of Latin as a diplomatic language seemed to give an extra touch of stateliness to their formalism. It is impossible to imagine Goethe moving in an atmosphere of unimaginative brusquerie. We know, as a fact, that these German States were regarded as training grounds for budding diplomats. After an attaché had graduated at Wied or Weimar, he was considered ready to try his hand at Madrid or Paris. At Vienna to-day there is still the polish of the antique world. Sir Maurice de Bunsen, in his last despatch, notices the flowing courtesy of everybody round the Hapsburg throne. There are polite individuals even in Berlin: Sir Edward Goschen mentions Herr von Jagow as an exception to the general rudeness.

Clearly, then, *gaucherie* is not congenital with Germans. Why is it that German clumsiness, not less than German might, has stirred up unconquerable resentment from Paris to Peking and from Petrograd to Tokyo? Why, during the diplomatic intercourse of the last ten years, has every intervention from Berlin assumed the tone of an ultimatum? Why, even now, does the German apologist in the United States spend half his time in inventing palpable falsehoods and the other half in shaking his fist at American editors because they do not believe him? We think the fact is that the modern German has so thoroughly accepted the teaching of his philosophers that he really believes himself a super-man. The German of Bismarck's generation may have felt the same. But he was conscious of great dangers passed, timorous of great dangers to come. He knew that the victory over France in 1870 was not wholly gained by German valour, that part of it was won by the corruption of a shoddy Imperialism. He knew that the new German Empire had elements of weakness, that German industrialism rested on none too substantial a foundation. He was content to work and wait.

The modern German, on the other hand, is maddened with a sense that he, the chosen of Providence, is unjustly restricted in his activities by the inconvenient neighbourhood of lesser breeds. He feels to them as a Spartan did to a Helot, without the Spartan's sense of being the Helot's proprietor. Why be civil to such people? More satisfying to German pride to "hack one's way through". If a concession must be made here, a withdrawal from a false position there, it must be made with a flourish and a rattle of the sabre. Unfortunately the average German does not do these things too well. He overdoes civility. He overdoes sternness. He is like the man in "The Gondoliers"—"too aggressively stiff and grand" or "too confoundedly condescending". He does everything too obviously on principle. His courtesy, when he essays it, is reduced to a system, and is therefore naturally apt to offend the person against whom it is discharged and to excite the ridicule of spectators. The German's courtesy usually looks less like an act of nature than like a deliberate and politic condescension.

The grand Bourbon manner is not to be learned in a generation. Thus the bullying of half the Continent has brought about a great war, and the wooing of the other half has produced a cool and ambiguous neutrality. We owe much to the *gaucheries* of Germans in high positions. If Germany's tact had been equal to her strength there would be little hope for Europe's liberties to-day.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 12) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

"Without a good policy a successful war is not probable."

EITHER the irony of fate or the fortune of war at the present moment finds Baron von der Goltz, the author of the maxim above quoted, as *de facto* ruler of Belgium. It is our business—the business of the British Army, backed by the British nation—to see that the principle which this general suggests as a guide to failure is justified.

War is the instrument of policy, but if the policy that requires the instrument be bad the effect upon the prosecution of hostilities reacts in a negative form, for if there be one factor with which soldiers have no sympathy it is politics.

To cripple a neutral buffer State in order to make stepping-stones on the march to the weak frontier of a powerful enemy may be good war strategy, but it is a form of policy that should bring down upon itself condign punishment. It is the dishonourable action of the German Emperor in breaking a solemn pledge which he shared with the King of England that has stirred to the depths the honourable sentiments of 400 millions of British subjects.

Given time, the dogged determination of the Briton will by force of arms prove himself right in his estimate of the code of honour and the Teuton wrong. The individual "will to conquer" is showing itself in the raw material we have taken in hand for the purpose. A visit to any of our training camps will demonstrate the spirit which animates the forces that are being welded gradually but surely into a formidable weapon of war. Both officers and men recognise that the great gamble of our politicians with our military war machine has been exposed, but as a nation of gamblers who have silently acquiesced in the risky venture we are content to wait until, by our own exertions, sufficient capital in man-power has accumulated to offer more than a sporting chance of winning in the great stakes to which the Empire is committed.

Such spirit cannot fail to count as a moral factor in war, but material as well as moral conditions are absolute essentials to success. It is "only numbers that can annihilate", says our gallant little Admiral, and we must make it imperative that we have a sufficient number of trained warriors to maintain and sustain the prolonged struggle that we have to face.

In spite of the figures that we have mustered up to date, a half-heartedness in our ideas for the purposes for which men are enrolled is discernible. The spirit of the offensive, which should be the guiding influence of the soldier, does not permeate the entire mass of the men on our roll. Our voluntary system leaves a loophole for men whose minds are of a less aggressive nature, whose military aspirations do not tend towards seeking out the enemy where they know he is to be found, but prefer to wait for him near home. Doubtless men are required, and are necessary, for this latter purpose, which in most countries is left to the very young and the very old, but it is a misfortune that when our nation is confronted with war a large body of our best officers and N.C.O.'s are denied to the fighting line in order to train and command a large body of men who, when given the choice, elect for the least ambitious form of service. In war the geographical frontiers of a State should not bound the military aspirations of the antagonists. To an island Power the sea frontiers of a hostile country should be included in the limits within which personal service to his State should be expected of the soldier, and as far beyond that frontier as force of arms can acquire.

With the gigantic numbers now facing one another on both the Eastern and the Western theatres of war, it will go hard with that side which when it has thrown its weight into the contest just misses a victory by recognising a principle which permits several

hundred thousand of trained men to stand at almost striking distance of the contest, but as silent spectators of the combat.

In a period of war it is a misnomer to call an able-bodied man a soldier when the individual limits his sphere of action as a man-at-arms to the confines of his parish pump. There are signs of feebleness in the soldier spirit of the nation. There are hundreds of thousands of young able-bodied men in the country who either are undecided in their minds as to their duty to their flag or who are held back by their women-folk, or who are possibly gun-shy. It is useless to call meetings to impress upon such beings the absolute ruin that faces the Empire unless the manhood train to arms to put beyond question the issue of this war. These youths shirk to hear the truth, which, too often, is a painful prescription. Appeals to these youngsters by men of all parties and all classes fall upon ears wilfully deaf. Would that our women, with their eloquence and their eyes, would throw themselves into this duty of a recruiter's call, for if they fail, then there is little hope left for securing the numbers we require but by force. Quite against the law, I myself have made my own census of gun-shy youths in a fairly large district, and find that, with the aid of the law and the police, I could easily double the contribution already made by voluntary effort to the call to arms of men in the neighbourhood. When our War Lord has reason to make his fresh appeal for men and is ready to arm and clothe them, let our noble army of women workers take up the nation's cause. Better to use the charms with which Providence has gifted them in finding material for the fight than kill convalescent soldiers by their abundant kindness.

THE SEAS.

The sailor in his element has scored a well-earned triumph. The fish taken out of water has met with a rebuff. Four hostile destroyers to the good weigh badly in the material scales against the loss to the Service of some 2,000 marines and bluejackets in their excursion to Antwerp. Risks in war must be taken, but the material employed for this venture and the idea of this particular stroke of war are not exactly in accordance with the procedure taught to a landsman. A scratch pack of men, untrained to combined operation and ill-equipped, are never quite a source of strength or reliability. The relief of a beleaguered fortress as a military operation is usually carried out by means of troops operating outside the hostile lines of circumvallation, and not by dribbling troops to the inside of the works. The time-table of operation of the Allies was at fault for the major task, and, what must always be allowed for among allies, co-operation to be effective must be punctual to the minute. The little band of marines and sea mariners pitched into Antwerp stuck to the ship as long as they were supported by the garrison, but that the ship sunk so quickly was probably as much of a surprise to the enemy as it was to these brave men. As a stimulus to resistance the arrival of this small force possibly had a spasmodic moral effect, but strange rumours are afloat that when once these seamen were posted in the trenches they gradually found themselves the sole occupants. History in months to come will apportion the blame for this eccentric land operation. Its complete failure will, unfortunately, only tend to confirm the Kaiser in his estimate of our "contemptible little Army".

We must hope for better management and better luck in our seamen's next venture. A new phase of combined naval and military battle is now being staged, which should offer to the tacticians of both Services, as well as to the Air Service, a feature of co-operation which should be as interesting as it is important. The fleet of shallow draught monitors, with their 6 in. and 4.7 in. guns can, with the help of air service reconnaissance and air service observation of fire (as learnt by us from the Germans on land), prove an effective flank guard to the movements of the Allied Armies in their sweep to the north-east. It is to be hoped that good range-taking equipment is on

board these craft, and that there is a system of signalling common to both Services. It is a misfortune that at present there is some diversity of system in the Navy and Army, but the presence of a military signaller on the ships should overcome any difficulty. Our First Lord is never so happy as when he is piloting some new venture, and we may congratulate ourselves that by means of his forethought we have been enabled to purchase and put into commission this fleet of monitors, which promises to be of considerable service to the Allied Army. The activities of the commander of the "Emden" are, however, a blot upon our boasted arrangements for the security of commerce. Can no antiquated collier not be rigged up with a torpedo tube and lure this gallant German sailor to his destruction?

THE WESTERN AREA. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES," 16 OCTOBER.

The publication of the second despatch of Sir John French will be read with pride by the sons of the Empire. The stubbornness of the retreat to the Marne and beyond it, in face of overwhelming numbers and for other reasons of a military nature which are bound to happen in war, will go down in history as one of the most obstinate of contests. Nor can a soldier fail to pay tribute to the extraordinarily active and persevering pursuit of the German Army when once he had got his foes upon the run. The active use of a fleet of armed motors heavily laden with infantry proved itself of the greatest service. To work such masses in so determined and tireless a spirit proves that the initial intended blow was meant to crush once and for all in the shortest possible period of time. It is in Sir John's third despatch, however, that the climax of admiration for our splendid little Army is reached. To pass from the defensive to the offensive is one of the most difficult operations in war. It requires not only the highest form of morale in the troops, but one of the rarest of gifts in a general—the courage of responsibility and the wish to bear it. The mutual confidence between leader and led only wanted the hour determined when to put it to the test, and we can imagine the cheers that went from the hearts of all ranks when the supreme commander of the Allied forces passed down the word along his line, 120 miles in length, that it was his intention to assume the offensive. We have read now for some weeks scraps of news with crumbs of comfort of the long struggle on the line of the Aisne. Sir John French's second despatch lifts the veil and tells us of the desperate struggles to which our men were committed and the brilliant feats of arms by which the passage of that river was executed, only to find a stone-wall prepared position which was to hold our troops for many weary days. The British public must not grudge the silence that for so long has withheld from them the stirring deeds that the despatches of 17 September and 8 October record. Later on more minute details and reports will tell the official story of brilliant leadership of subordinates and gallant acts of our brave soldiery.

We are getting gradually but surely trained to golden silence, and we must continue to exercise self-control. It is while this official curtain of dumbness has been rung down and the setting of the next stage scene has been prepared that, when the bell rings up, we shall find that movements have taken place among the actors which call for special applause from military critics. The training of a civilian administrator schooled in one of our large railway lines has been commandeered to carry out a military operation in war that must rank with the triumphant movements of armies that German administration has accomplished in its two theatres of operations. It is one thing in war to relieve bodies of troops in the fighting line, a very ordinary precaution, but it is quite a distinct feat to remove whole armies from a position of contact with an enemy and to replace them with armies of an equal strength, and carry out the operation unbeknown to the enemy. There was a method in Joffre's strategy when, after he had passed to the initiative and found

progress blocked by miles of fortress-like entrenchments, he paused for many days, running into weeks, ere he could prepare to deliver a fresh blow. My previous letters will have suggested whence the blow should come and to whom the task should be allotted. We have been permitted to read that British troops are now on the left of the Allied line. We may hope now—what every soldier has been for some weeks praying for—that our whole force is once again united and already committed to the operation which it is Great Britain's duty and privilege to carry out. The time-table has been much upset by the unexpected fall of Antwerp, but aligned with the British Force must be the Field Army of little Belgium, dying to be avenged of the bitter wrongs to its fair country. We should not, however, be allowed to expect great things of this force, which must be much shaken and reduced in strength by the strenuous duties it has been called upon to face against overpowering numbers. Its ranks in time should be refilled. With some management and exertion it should not be difficult to find at least 10,000 men capable of bearing arms among the refugees that we are now housing. These in time may be drilled and armed to form a *dépôt* for depleted ranks. They should assuredly not be allowed to pass as waste material; but troops whose morale has been highly tested can recoup their nerves when placed on less "nervy" duties than in the fighting line. No troops in the field in either theatre of war start with a higher code of morale than do our own. They have taken more than the edge off the German weapon even when they themselves were in retreat, but when strategy permitted the initiative to pass to the Allied side they proved themselves masters of their foe in every branch of arms that goes to form an army, and with such self-confidence within them we may look for deeds of daring that will surpass the stirring epoch of the four days' Battle on the Marne. It is futile to think that the task to which our Army is committed is one that will not be costly. Its intense interest to the naval and military student will be the combined movements of these Services along the seaboard that will leave us only one flank upon which any anxiety can be found. It is when we approach the neutral territory of Zeeland that unfortunately naval co-operation must cease. To the German, if in our place, this would present no obstacle, for to the German Chancellor "military necessity knows no laws", but our code of honour forbids us his bad example. How well the German pipes to his dishonest tunes! He buys from Turkey the shadow of neutrality and with his purse attempts to shake the loyalty of our youngest Colony. It is not that neutrality will be permitted to be abused by gallant Holland, who has hitherto stood staunch to its code, but the opportunity of finishing our work by the capture of Antwerp as a combined operation of sailor and soldier will be denied to us. With this task staring us in the face it is to be hoped that preparations in men and material for the job are already in the making. Will Belgian Antwerp be battered to pieces by the Allies of its nation, or will the Belgian soldier spend months of weary waiting behind walls of circumvallation within the circumference of which he so lately stood at bay, or will the military element make way for the political? We are at present months away from Antwerp, and in the interval the soil of Belgium will re-echo with the struggles that for centuries have been waged for a set purpose—strategical, political, commercial—handed down to us from time immemorial by politicians of prophetic intuition and approved by successive generations of Englishmen. We have spent rivers of blood of our own men and millions of money in hiring soldiery time after time to deny the mouths of the Scheldt and the adjacent country to the possession of any Great Power. Our present generation has to see that by the sacrifice of its own blood its children may enjoy the peace which a hundred years ago our ancestors, by a similar sacrifice, bequeathed to us. That the enemy will make his highest endeavour to baulk

us of our goal we well believe. A containing campaign in the Eastern theatre may offer him opportunity to retransfer the first line troops that in the early days of the war were sent from the fighting line in France to oust the Russian from German soil in East Prussia. This campaign in Flanders promises to be a struggle of giants, which will test the capacity of leader and led on both sides in their highest attainments and knowledge of the science of war.

THE EASTERN THEATRE. REFERENCE MAP, "TIMES",
21 OCTOBER.

The drastic measure of the Kaiser, by which the command of the Austro-Hungarian Army practically passes into his hands, is a master-stroke of military policy. In a previous letter I drew attention to the inferior quality of the officer element which obtained in this army. The removal of five generals in one day and the substitution of German commanders must commend itself to the admiration of the soldier critic, and we may be certain that equally forcible measures have been taken with officers of inferior rank. The effect of the change is already discernible, especially so in the southern area of the theatre of war, where—if report be correct—a quondam military state of despondency, consequent on continuous and repeated defeat, has been turned into something that justifies the name of an offensive movement. It is apparently the German strategy to straighten out as much as possible the line of battle from north to south in this huge front of 270 miles and play a holding or containing game of warfare. Warsaw, which stands upon the left bank of the Vistula, forms an uncomfortable salient against this German strategic plan. Apparently on the 4 October a desperate attempt was made to envelope the Russian defences around the Polish capital from the south-west. The failure of this attack with heavy loss is now confirmed, and the Czar's promise to the citizens has been well kept. A counter offensive ably planned by the Russian commander in the vicinity of the River Pilica has ended in the complete rout of the German army in this middle sphere. Little or nothing is to be gained, as Napoleon discovered, by pushing the Russian back except where he stands upon ground in the line it is proposed to straighten out. For this purpose the left bank of the River San, up to its junction with the Vistula at Sandomierz, is necessary for the German plan. Fierce contests in this area have, a month ago, already taken place, and Austria is reported to have lost some 400,000 men in casualties, besides 1,000 guns in that initial stage of the war in this southern area. It will say much for German power if it can infuse morale into some 600,000 dispirited Austrians who have known up to date no taste of victory. By merging German army corps among the Austrian army corps much may be expected from a military point of view, provided that the soldiers of the two nations are of a brotherhood. If they are not, this very weakness may offer the Russian commander his opportunity. A defeat at this southern extremity of the German line may find that home instincts will prevail among the troops of the Dual Alliance, and home instincts mean dispersion. Let us hope that the Kaiser has outwitted himself. That the German is still in great force on the Middle Vistula, we may be assured. That he has got successive prepared lines of defence in his rear up to the line of the River Warta and along his own frontier is certain. As the season progresses the parapets of these lines will be of adamant. If by any chance he has satisfied himself of the security of his strategic defensive and behind that entrains a huge force to travel back to the Western theatre to crush the hated Briton, then will come the opportunity of the Czar to continue the offensive in the south against what promises to be the line of least resistance in more senses than one. The Dual Alliance in the Eastern theatre has now encountered heavy defeats on both flanks as well as in the centre, and the morale of the Army of our Russian ally should be assured beyond question.

THE MEN WHO MAN.

BY WILLIAM WATSON.

THE men who man our batteries,
The men who serve our guns,
They need not honeyed flatteries,
For they are Britain's sons!
They go, when Duty speeds them,
Wherever bullets fly;
Wherever England needs them,
When Duty bids, they die.

The men who man our strongholds,
Or march to yonder field
Where Valour against Wrong holds
A realm that scorns to yield,
From Chiltern Hills or Grampians
May pour their living tide,
But all are England's champions
And all are England's pride.

And lo! how the abhorrence
Of sceptred crime can join
The Thames and the St. Lawrence,
The Liffey and the Boyne.
For England need but ask aid
Where'er her branches grow,
And like a leaping cascade
It thunders on the foe.

Our cheery sailors, lapt in
The maiden sea's light sleep,
From commodore and captain
To all who man the deep,
They hear around their bed nought
But echoes of their fame,
And well they man the Dreadnought
Who dread not aught but shame.

And whether calmly harboured,
Or when the rocking State
Lurches to port and starboard,
They sail the seas of Fate;
With everlasting laughter
They luff to wind and rain,
Aforetime and hereafter
The men who man the main.

The men who man Great Britain,
And fight for royal George,
On battle's anvil smitten
Leap mightier from the forge:

Like oaks in Orkney's rough spring
They flourish torn and blown,
For all are Honour's offspring
And all are England's own.

The men who man this nation,
And sow her fame abroad,
They ask not acclamation,
They need not England's laud;
And when too late it finds them,
And falls on lifeless ears,
Where yon red tempest blinds them
They need but England's tears.

Yet, while the storm grows vaster
Around them and above,
In triumph or disaster
They shall not lack our love—
They who to Glory's fanning
This streamer have unfurled,
The men whose joy is manning,
The men who man the world!

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

RUSSIAN SKETCHES.—I.*

THE BELLS.

ACROSS the world, dreaming in midsummer idleness, broke the sudden clash of bells. From one end of Europe to the other they re-echoed. Small tinkling bells that quickened and fluttered like the heart of a startled bird; bells that clamoured insistently, voicing an urgent warning; big bells that thundered and crashed their call to the farthest corner of quiet solitude.

Startling the sleeping stillness of summer gardens full of flowers, the echo of their ringing stirred all the radiance of the air, and made the roses tremble as if a sudden passing wind had struck them. Breaking the brooding hush of fertile plains, their insistence dominated the golden, tranquil peace. Reaching up to the solitude of mountain heights, their voice shattered the white silence of eternal snows. As if harsh winds had severed in pieces a spell of enchantment, the sound of their clashing concord thrust itself into the magic, sun-flecked greenness of the forests and set every little leaf shivering in nameless dread. Out across the restless miles of the ocean they sent their urgent call, and the sea's voice answered them as the wind drove the waves inland to hurl themselves in thundering fury on the brown rocks and golden sands of a world at war.

The Bells of War. Harshly they have broken the peace, startling the nations from their dreams of pleasure and plenty. The Bells of War. They ring out across the world, bearing everywhere their message of suffering and pain, of parting and tears. From the

* The SATURDAY REVIEW is glad to publish these little sketches by a lady intimately concerned in British diplomatic life at Petrograd, for they should help people in this country to realise the intense fervour and religious patriotism which sustain the Russian people to-day in the war against Germany. This war will be waged by our ally for no mean acquisitive ends and in no temper of domineering power; but, as Professor Vinogradoff's brilliant document in the "Times" of 14 September last illustrated, for noble principles and the ordered evolution of the Slavonic race. British people who are awake to Russian feeling to-day recognise that Germany, in affronting Russia, has to reckon with a great deal more than mere brute force and mass.

high church towers of teeming cities they peal and thunder as their soldiers march through the crowded streets; from quiet, sleepy villages they call to their sons to uphold the flag of their country.

From a town of blue and green cupolas and fairy golden spires they thunder their triumph over a multitude who acclaim their Emperor on bended knees, while the sound of their cheering breaks like the wave of some tremendous sea against the walls of the Kremlin, rose-flushed with the splendour of dead centuries.

The Bells of War. Let them ring out across the world. The towns have sent out their armies, the villages have given their children, and the sea has answered with the voice of its waves. They ring out a call to arms, and their message is one of suffering, but they voice the nation's prayer. Far in the old church, with its faded frescoes and burnished gold, the prelates in their crimson velvet robes have prayed for victory for the arms of the countries that fight together in the cause of justice and peace; and the bells of Moscow that have carried their prayer will ring in the victory and proclaim the peace.

The Bells of War. They have rung out their soldiers to the battle, they will acclaim their armies returning triumphant, and pray for their sons who have heroically given their lives for their country's honour.

GERMAN MUSIC AND THE PRUSSIAN SPIRIT.—II.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

IN my last article I tried to show how in a limited degree German arrogance and ambition manifested themselves through the prose essays of Wagner and left nearly untouched the greater art works. Germanism may have swayed him now and again; but his last opera, "Parsifal", not a great work, shows unmistakably that he remained quite unaffected by Nietzsche. It was a self-evident truth to Wagner that the meek shall inherit the earth; and along with much that is evil and disastrous in the opera we clearly discern his profound conviction that gentleness, pity and compassion are essential qualities of true manhood and chiefly elevate humanity, that tenderness may be allied to gigantic strength, and that this combination will at last prevail. This to Nietzsche was anathema. Pity, compassion, gentleness—these are vices; force, bitterness, fierce hate of whatever and whoever stands in your path—these are virtues. An insufferable wild beast was his ideal of perfect manhood; and we see to-day what his doctrine has made of a once great people. Someone told me the other day that Nietzsche had enough to answer for; and I daresay he has. The speaker meant enough to answer for without our holding him responsible for all the defects and bad qualities of modern music; and far from being able to agree with this, and to regard his direct and indirect influence on music as by comparison a mere trifle, to me this influence seems one of the most baleful and deadly that could be exercised by one mortal on another. All the younger Germans have eagerly taken the route he indicated to them. His power has exerted itself—and, I hope, by now spent itself—mostly in an indirect fashion; but for all that it has for a generation proved fatal to all our hopes for more beautiful music from Germany: Nietzsche drenched with poison the very soil from which lovely things might have sprung. He, and not Treitschke, is the arch-traitor to civilisation and to humanity; he has blinded a generation to the glory of its manhood; he has persuaded thousands of young minds to put away from them as useless in this age the qualities that make a man.

When we turn, then, from Wagner, who conquered the world by caring nothing for the world, who was entirely human in his might as in his frailty, to the German composers of to-day, what a difference do we find in the aim, the means of attaining the aim, and the net value of the achievement.

If the music of Richard Strauss were voluptuous where it should be voluptuous ("Salomé"), and barbaric or fierce where it should be barbaric or fierce ("Elektra"), I should think the better of Richard Strauss—should think, at least, there was hope for him. It would indicate a soul, even if it was a diseased soul, working behind the skilled mechanic; it would show a power of expression and something spiritual to express. But there is no sign of spiritual elevation, or even of spiritual degradation, in Strauss's music; no sign of anything save a Prussian determination to be first, to dominate, to be a world-conqueror in the realm of music. The emotions are wholly factitious. But the technical efficiency, super-efficiency, of the man is astounding. The masterly counterpoint, the brilliant orchestration, the hardness and the lack of a touch of fine feeling, the utter barrenness—all these might be, and I think are, manifestations and results of the working of the Prussian spirit. The super-efficiency has served him well. He has accomplished his aim; he is first, supreme, the idol and envy of all the musicians who have breathed the same atmosphere as himself. The "poetic" (heaven help us!) idea of the "Heldenleben" is Prussian; with true Prussian self-assertiveness he makes himself the hero; in the battle, with its rub-a-dub-dub, he "hacks his way through", and he triumphantly overcomes the "contemptible little army" of his foes—those who liked not the symphonic poems—whom he depicts as aimlessly squeaking and gibbering. It is not for nothing he is a disciple of Nietzsche and has chosen "Also spake Zarathustra" for musical illustration, devoting the whole of his energy to astonishing for astonishment's sake. The tenderness and gentleness that go with real strength are absent: we have nothing but pretentiousness and self-assertion. The structures he raises look imposing and of granite strength on paper: listen to the stuff and we feel their inward—not rottenness, for rottenness would imply something to rot—no, not rottenness, but perfect vacuity. Let your spirit impinge on it and each edifice he has so carefully reared falls to the ground. There is truth in music and when we apply the touchstone we find the music of Strauss is a lie, and the composer the helpless victim of the Prussian fallacy. Superficial success has always been his object; he strove for it and won it by songs written for the market; he has striven for it and won it by the symphonic poems and operas—and already his fame is crumbling and his hour is overpast.

When we think of, say, the magnificent B minor symphony or the "Prince Igor" of Borodin, what we remember first is their generous warmth and colour. "Prince Igor" is barbaric, if you like, but not barbarous; there is vital, spiritual heat, but not a hint of cold, deliberate calculation; the man has yielded himself up joyfully to a riot of colour—the music seems to drip with colour—but there has been no hacking his way through, no endeavour to astonish for the sake of astonishing, no violence for the sake of violence, no seeking for success for the sake of being first. One can understand such music being written in hours of illness and physical weakness: the man forgot his ailments in the sheer enjoyment of painting such gorgeous pictures. In painful, shocking contrast is the music of Reger, and all the modern Germans, revealing only one ideal, to become a consummate master over notes and instruments, to be in a position to glory in a command over the material of music. Our priceless spiritual heritage of noble emotion and the thoughts that shake continents is disregarded, contemptuously renounced by these men: they cheerfully throw away their manhood for an apparent, unreal supremacy in music by mere force and efficiency. It is hard to believe that a whole people, a people of many millions, the people that produced Bach and Handel, Beethoven and Mozart, should in a few years have been so utterly debased by an evil doctrine; but all the world has seen it to be so; and the signs I have described in the music of the modern Germans I have observed for a very long time without being able until now to account for them. In fact, it is only to-day I perceive that

what I took to be sporadic, accidental, personal to a comparatively small number of musicians, is in truth the general symptom of a deep-seated underlying malady. Wotan wished to put aside his highest manhood for the sake of outward success and dominion, and only gave up when he found it could not be done; Alberich discarded everything save the lust for world-power, and perished ignominiously; and the German composers, who in their way are attempting the same feat, may live to see that their success is an empty phantom of the night that will melt ere the morning breaks. Germany needs a thorough spiritual cleansing and regeneration; and the musicians especially want another Wagner to show them not by preaching but by example that in art the world bows willingly to those who give and ask nothing, and soon casts into the outer darkness and chill oblivion those who demand brilliant superficial success and domination and have nothing to offer the world in return—have nothing because they have trampled on and left untilld the ground where alone grow the things that are lovely, clean, and for ever young and fresh.

OUR MASKS.

WE should do badly, as things are ordered, if we went about the world with our natural faces. Even stopping short of the extravagance of betraying our most important secrets, and frankly telling men and women what we think of them, it is difficult in society to do without a mask in minor matters. Like Falstaff, we are fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch. The plain face of truth is intolerable. Often it is a foolish blank or it has an awkward and gawky look. The oddest consequence of the artificial state in which we find ourselves obliged to live is that Nature usually looks like affectation, and that the highest art is the most like Nature of anything we know. It is in life as on the stage. A thoroughly inartificial, untrained actor, innocent of cultivated pretence, is the least natural to the eye; and he whose acting brings the house down because of its "truth to Nature" is he whose art has been the most profoundly studied, and with whom the concealment of art has therefore been the most perfectly attained. So in society. A man of thoroughly natural manners would pass as either affectedly morose or affectedly pert, according to his mood—either stupid because disinclined to exert himself, or obtrusive because in the humour to talk. He would mean no offence, but he would make himself disagreeable all the same. The "natural" man is the pest of his club and the nuisance of every drawing-room he enters. It matters little whether he is constitutionally boorish or good-natured; he is natural, and his naturalness simply makes him uncouth, strange, and apparently insincere. Natural women, too, may be found at times—women who demonstrate on small occasions, sincerely no doubt, but excessively; women who skip like young lambs when they are pleased, and pout like naughty children when they are displeased; who disdain all those little arts of dress which conceal defects and heighten beauties, and who are always at war with the fashions of the day; who despise those conventional graces of manner which have become part of the religion of society, contradicting point-blank, softening no refusal with the expression of a regret they do not feel, yawning in the face of the bore, admiring with the naïveté of a savage whatever is new to them or pleasing. Such women are not agreeable companions, however devoid of affectation they may be, however staunch adherents to truth and things as they are, according to their boast. The woman, on the other hand, who is not "natural", who has not a particle of untrained spontaneity left in her, who has herself in hand on all occasions, who gives herself to her company, and who is always collected, graceful, and at ease, playing her part without a trip, but always playing her part and never letting herself drop into uncontrolled naturalness—this is the woman whom men agree to call not only charming,

but thoroughly natural as well. She is thought to be far more natural than the untrained woman who speaks just as she thinks, who cares more to express her own sensations than to study those of her companions. The unsophisticated are always most obnoxious to the charge of affectation. Their transparency, to which the world is not accustomed, and to which it does not wish to get accustomed, puzzles the critics. Social naturalness, like perfect theatrical representation, is everywhere the result of the best art—that is, of the most careful training. It simulates self-forgetfulness by the very perfection of its self-control, while untrained Nature is self-assertion at all corners, awkward and uncertain.

All of us carry our masks into society. We offer an eidolon to our fellow-creatures, showing our features, but not expressing our mind; and the one whose eidolon, while betraying least of the being within, reflects most of the beings without is the most popular and is considered the most natural. We may take it as a certainty that we never really know anyone. If our friend is a person of small curiosity and large self-respect, we may trust him not to commit a base action; if he has a calm temperament, with physical strength and without imagination, he will not do a cowardly one; if he has the habit of truth, he will not tell a lie on any paltry occasion; if he is tenacious and secret, he will not betray his cause or his friend. But we know very little more than this. Even with one's most familiar friend there is always a secret door which is never opened; and those which are thrown wide are not those which lead to the most cherished treasures. With the frankest or the shallowest there are depths never sounded; what shall we say, then, of those who have real profundity of character? Who is not conscious of a self that no man has seen? In praise or blame we feel that we are not thoroughly known. There is something very touching in this consciousness of an inner self, an unrevealed truth, which bears us up through injustice and makes us shrink from excessive praise. Our friends esteem us for the least worthy part of us, or for fancied virtues which we do not possess; and if our worst enemies knew us as we are they would come round to the other side and shake hands over the grave of their mistaken estimate. The mask hides the reality in either case, for good or for ill; and we know that if it could be removed we should be judged differently.

Everything serves for a mask. A man's public character makes one which is as impenetrable in its disguise as any. The world takes one or two salient points, and subordinates every other characteristic to these. It ignores all those intricacies which modify thought and action at every turn, producing apparent inconsistency, but only apparent; and it boldly blocks out a mask of one or two dominant lines. Any quality that makes itself seen from behind this mask which popular opinion has created out of a man's public character is voted as inconsistent, or, it may be, insincere; and the richer the nature the less it is understood.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NATION'S GROWING DEBT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kingscliffe, Woodberry Down, N.

SIR,—In these days of financial trouble fears have been expressed as to whether our shoulders are sufficiently strong to bear the load of debt in prospect. It is interesting to recall how often these same fears have distracted our forefathers from the early days of the National Debt.

Some extracts from Macaulay's History are very illuminating and, I think, comforting: "At every stage in the growth of the debt it has been seriously asserted by wise men that bankruptcy and ruin were at hand. . . . When the great contest with Louis XIV. was finally terminated the nation owed fifty millions, and the debt was considered by acute and profound thinkers as an incum-

brance which would permanently cripple the body politic. Nevertheless, trade flourished; wealth increased; the nation became richer and richer. Then came the war of the Austrian Succession, and the debt rose to eighty millions. Pamphleteers, historians, and orators pronounced that now, at all events, our case was desperate. Yet the signs of increased prosperity—signs which could neither be counterfeited nor concealed—ought to have satisfied observant men that a debt of eighty millions was less to the England which was governed by Pelham than a debt of fifty millions had been to the England which was governed by Oxford.

"Soon war broke out again, and under the energetic and prodigal administration of the first William Pitt the debt rapidly swelled to one hundred and forty millions. As soon as the first intoxication of victory was over, men of theory and men of business almost unanimously pronounced that the fatal day had arrived. Better for us, said David Hume, to have been conquered by Prussia or Austria than to be saddled with the interest of one hundred and forty millions. George Grenville said: 'The nation must sink under the debt, unless a portion of the loan was borne by the American Colonies'. The attempt to do so produced another war, which left us with another hundred millions of debt and without the Colonies whose help had been represented as indispensable. Again England was given over, and again the strange patient persisted in becoming stronger and more blooming. As she had been visibly more prosperous with a debt of one hundred and forty millions than with a debt of fifty millions, so she was visibly more prosperous with a debt of two hundred and forty millions than with a debt of one hundred and forty millions. Soon, however, the wars which sprung from the French Revolution, and which far exceeded in cost any that the world had ever seen, taxed the powers of public credit to the utmost. When the world was again at rest the funded debt of England amounted to eight hundred millions! . . . It was in truth a gigantic, a fabulous debt; and we can hardly wonder that the cry of despair should have been louder than ever. After a few years of exhaustion, England recovered herself. Yet, like Addison's Valetudinarian, who continued to whimper that he was dying of consumption till he became so fat that he was shamed into silence, she went on complaining that she was sunk in poverty till her wealth showed itself by tokens which made her complaints ridiculous. Soon the island was intersected by railways. A sum exceeding the National Debt at the end of the American War was, in a few years, voluntarily expended by this ruined people upon viaducts, tunnels, bridges, stations, engines. It may now be affirmed without fear of contradiction that we find it as easy to pay the interest of eight hundred millions as our ancestors found it, a century ago, to pay the interest of eighty millions. A long experience justifies us in believing that England may, in the twentieth century, be better able to pay a debt of one thousand six hundred millions than she is at the present time to bear the present load." Macaulay's words are indeed prophetic, and if our forefathers in 1814 could bear the weight of eight hundred millions, we, in these days of a two hundred million Budget, can confront double that amount with equanimity.

If so, we can afford to expend nine hundred millions upon the present war and yet hold up our heads bravely. In considering this possible vast increase in our debt we should give thought to the questions: Whence does this money come?—and whither does it go? The vast proportion will come from our own pockets; thus we lend to ourselves. And the bulk of this sum will be expended in this country in the provision of war material, food, and clothing, thus providing work and wages for our own workers and profit for our contractors.

If victory rests upon our arms, and the power of this fire-brand Germany is crushed in the dust, we may well be satisfied with our expenditure of this huge sum. The trade of Germany will be utterly crippled, her mercantile marine gone, and we shall have acquired the greater proportion of it. With peace assured, a veritable boom of prosperity should result. And, beyond all this, there is every hope and good prospect of this being the last of the wars of

ambition and greed. If this golden prospect is indeed before us, and I assert it is both possible and probable, then the weight of nine hundred millions will be but a feather-weight.

Yours faithfully,

ALFRED LANE CRAUFORD.

"THE CASE OF HOLLAND."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—When is a neutrality not a neutrality? The answer is plain. When it gives a military advantage to one combatant and not to the other. The neutrality of Holland gives Germany a welcome means of communication with the outside world. What has it done for us? It has prevented us from fulfilling our treaty obligations to Belgium, and from doing anything effective to save Antwerp from falling into German hands. The neutrality of Holland, in fact, has caused Belgium to be ravaged, and now threatens our own existence as a nation. Can this farce be tolerated longer? Holland must take sides one way or the other, then our hands will be untied and we shall be able to defend ourselves properly. We will welcome her help, we will respect her hostility; but we cannot do with her "neutrality", because it hits us too hard and we are prevented by our punctiliousness from hitting back. So let Holland make her decision.

Your obedient servant,

I. S. A.

RUSSIAN AND GERMAN CULTURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Lotos Club, New York,

30 September 1914.

SIR,—There are some human beings on this earth who think a Teutonic domination of all other races is desirable. To these ineffable creatures I would like to point out that to find a spark of *genuine* idealism in German literature we have to go back to the times of Schiller and Goethe. Without idealism human beings are only on the level of all other animals. Again, there are many people gifted with keen minds who talk foolishly of the Russian barbarians. Let them listen to the words of a simple Russian country doctor, who was withal one of the great ones in life, who wrote: "I am neither a liberal nor a conservative, neither a monk nor an indifferent person. I despise lies and violence everywhere and under any form. . . . I only want to be an artist, and that's all." And, again: "Do you know that in three or four hundred years the entire earth will be a flourishing garden? How wonderful it will be to live then!" The spirit behind these words of Anton Tchekhoff should prove unquestionably to all of us who have English intelligence that the nature of the real Russian makes him the most desirable ally of Great Britain. It is not a question of the next fifty years, but of centuries to come, when the materialistic Teuton, unless greatly changed in spirit, will only be fit to be the manual labourer of more enlightened races.

Faithfully yours,

PERCY W. DARBYSHIRE.

THE VANITY OF THE KAISER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15, College Road, Exeter,

10 October 1914.

SIR,—You have done well to bring to public notice the Kaiser's responsibility. Your leading article in the SATURDAY REVIEW of the 3rd instant puts this temperately but well before us. Your temperate treatment of it, in fact, helps very much to bring it home.

Your review, too—in the same article—of the character of the Emperor William II. is worthy of note. But it does seem to me that the leading fault of that character is not sufficiently brought out—I mean the innate vanity of the man, giving to the word "vanity" the meaning I find in my dictionary, "empty pride from overweening self-conceit". This vanity has been the very root

of his being, and it is this that has brought about the whole ruin of his character. It has been the cause of the instability—"mental and moral instability"—to which you refer. One cannot have read that eye-opening book of Prince Bülow's, "The German Empire", and not see that the forming of the German Navy, adding to the Army, increasing the trade of the German Empire, and acquiring colonies was a fixed purpose in this German Emperor's mind. And that purpose, year after year, was steadily and resolutely carried out. Then the vanity, the overweening self-conceit, mars the whole. That which, without this vanity, would have been used for the real and lasting benefit of the German Empire, and for the good and peace of the world, is turned into the means of making him, William II., the ruler of the world. It is a sad downfall—one most piteous.

And what a sacrifice of human life! What misery and desolation has this most vain man filled with overweening self-conceit brought about! But good will come from it all, for the nations are learning a lesson, and this kind of monstrous vanity will be crushed and kept down.

I am, yours faithfully,
(REV.) WM. JOELL WOOD.

THE UHLAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 October 1914.

SIR,—It would be hard to find a less likely hero for a romantic drawing-room ballad than the Uhlan as we know him in the light of recent events. But forty years ago he seems to have had apologists—even admirers—here. (Perhaps at that time his peculiar characteristics had not become fully developed.) In a song called "The Scout", inspired no doubt by the Franco-German War of 1870, which had quite a vogue in its day, the Uhlan was depicted as a sort of knight-errant of a kindly, even sentimental, turn of mind. The refrain of the song, in which the "war-worn rover" apostrophises a French peasant, ran something like this:

"Come, boor, your 'little-blue',
I war not, friend, with you;
'Twas for this can a bold Uhlan
His bridle drew.
Merely a petrel I,
Telling the storm is nigh;
Clink we a glass, so let it pass
Your homestead by."

These are the only words that I can recollect. By the by, a correspondent of the REVIEW says that Uhlan should be pronounced *Uh-larne*. Surely none but a Cockney would insist upon such a sound. I take it that *Uh-lahn* more nearly expresses it.

I am, Sir, yours, etc.,
R.

INDIA'S MAGNIFICENT LOYALTY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Nikko, Japan,

20 September 1914.

SIR,—In recognition of the loving sympathy and most generous and vital assistance freely given to us by India in our need, in gratitude for that magnificent and touching proof of loyalty and devotion, some return is surely owing. It is the plain duty of the British Government in India at once and finally to abandon its own manufacture of and traffic in opium; and, furthermore, to do all in its power, by the use of its mighty influence with the native States, to free the whole of India from the deadly and degrading vice of opium-eating. It may not be generally known to people in England that the Indian Government's annual profit from opium consumed in India itself is nearly one and a half million pounds sterling. (In 1912, with licence fees, etc., it reached the sum of £1,318,000.) This is not a time to dwell further upon this subject, but the opium monopoly of the British Government in India may be described as a black and disfiguring blot upon an otherwise just, wise and bene-

ficent administration. A removal of that blot would tend to the glory of England, and would be an inestimable benefit to the people of India.

Your obedient servant,
BERTRAND SHADWELL.

FROM AMERICA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Vancouver, B.C.,

23 September 1914.

SIR,—Your great journal needs no praise from its readers. For many generations it has stood at the front for all that makes life sweet and worth living. I cannot resist the temptation in these times of stress and danger to send you a few words of commendation and appreciation from this far-off outpost of Empire. In my humble opinion you have recently splendidly preserved the best traditions of English journalism. Especially, I think, is this true of the two fine articles, "Russia, our Great Ally," and "Namur and After". The wise words in those two illuminating articles should be read and pondered by every one who desires the welfare of the Empire.

I am, Sir, faithfully yours,
R. W. DOUGLAS.

THE DUTY OF GIVING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

55, Fetter Lane, E.C.,

16 October 1914.

SIR,—We have got to dig deeper—deeper into our national and personal resources. Most of us "do what we can" and "give what we can afford". Do we allow either doing or giving to affect the comparatively smooth-running current of our national and individual lives?

Belgium and Belgians have given their all; we are spared their anguish and suffering. When in the throes of a world-crisis, national and personal sacrifices must be made. We must give and do until we feel—we have not really felt yet. The working man's shilling is real giving—he feels it; the rich man's thousand is a comparative pittance—he does not feel it. We, as a nation, have hardly scratched the surface of our resources.

I am told Krupp has given one million pounds for relief in Germany. The city of Moscow has subscribed a million in a day; and Canada's subscription for relief is as great as our own, though we are one of the world's wealthiest nations. Our ideas of giving are out of focus, based on the normal giving of the past. They will have to be re-adjusted.

Our young men are giving their lives, and their dependants are in need. It must not be. Heroic Belgium is devastated. Our hospitals and charities of every description are crying out for funds: they must be supplied. We have got to dig deeper.

Yours faithfully,
H. E. MORGAN.

OUR GERMAN PRISONERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London,

22 September 1914.

SIR,—The useful and profitable employment of prisoners of war is a problem which, at a time when the authorities are worked to the limit in other directions, may easily remain unsolved. Yet it would be a public advantage if these men could be employed in the work of afforestation.

There are so many places in these islands where their labour could be used in planting trees. The work would keep the men in good health, and it is a man's job without shame.

A few millions of sturdy forest trees would stand as a tangible return for our hospitality to our enemies and an asset to posterity.

Your obedient servant,
J. F. K.

REVIEWS.

THE MAGIC OF SONG.

"The Theory of Poetry in England." By R. P. Cowl. Macmillan. 5s. net.

AMONG the absurdities rife in the world of words is the fact that the word "poetry" is ambiguous enough to be an Act of Parliament. One can understand an endless discussion rotating about the word "beauty"; Oberon's wand is not needed to exhibit the freaks of æstheticism; a cicatrised woman of Central Africa will serve as well for the purpose as any metamorphosed weaver. But while everybody knows that "beauty" is a relative expression, there is no reason why poetry should not be an absolute one. Some seem to prefer, however, that the term poetry should signify more than a rhythmical arrangement of words, and the result is that, in defining poetry, many people think themselves obliged to have clear notions of what constitute exquisiteness, spiritual elevation, beautiful imagery. When Samuel Rogers, scornfully refusing Parnassian pasturage to the horse in "Job" that "saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha", asserted of the statement "Jesus wept", in St. John's narrative of the raising of Lazarus, "That's poetry!" he assisted in conventionalising the obscurity of a word that is bright even in mist.

For our part, while insisting that poetry should be good, and though we do not object to the Wellerism "verse" for bad verse or Mr. Yeats's term "noetry" for indifferent verse, we hold that poetry includes all serious or apparently serious writing governed by prosodial laws. Hence our theory of poetry is that it is essentially song. In song ideas enter and remain in the memory by charming the ear that has access to that store-room. Song is the result of emotional urgency behind ideas, a desire not only to reveal feeling by sound, but to make sound, by other qualities than articulateness, create a similar feeling in the listener. Hearing the line,

"Fall battle-axe, and flash brand! Let the King reign",

one scarcely needs to possess the dictionary meaning of the words employed, in order to know, by the domineering sound of the "f's", that a martial spirit is uttering a command. Again, when Mr. George R. Sims, having written the word "lazily" and Mr. Cecil Raleigh the word "drowsily", these two craftsmen put their "z's" together in a well-known "siesta song", they knew that even an Eskimo could not misapprehend that repose was the idea poetically presented to him. All songs that create a sensation of their meaning by means of rhythmical and onomatopoeic devices deserve the title of poetry. Moreover, we would not exclude from the category of poets authors who lodge prosaic information in unsympathetic minds by the sorcery of rhythm. Many toils and sorrows have tickled the ears of anthologists: it is one of the glories of song that it can make suffering the servant of delight, which is able to hear woe's worst, if only the metre be well chosen and the words fit in:—

"I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years;
My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap".

But, unafraid of a charge of anticlimax, we must insist on the power of song to make the prosaic acceptable, without any merit but rhythm in the manner of presentation. An instance may be found in these lines supposed to be sung by a negro of South Carolina:—

"When I was young I used to wait,
On Massa's table lay de plate:
Pass de bottle when him dry,
Brush away de blue-tailed fly.
So early in the morning,
Before the break of day".

If our simple and firm conception of the meaning of the word poetry were or had been general Mr. Cowl's exhibition of the opinions of more than eighty authors would not now be before students of English poetry

and criticism. In the whole book, which discourses on about a dozen different questions concerning poetry, we found nothing finer than Carlyle's assertion that "Poetry . . . is the attempt which man makes to render his existence harmonious".

This saying should be in the mind of anyone who engages in the dialectical combat of Poetry versus Science. The man of science, patiently prying into the causes of phenomena, works incessantly to increase the knowledge and power of men. The poet, notorious for inaccuracy of physical eye, discovers nothing in the material world, and praises himself with more than the ardour of a parrot announcing its prettiness. But the poet is very frequently engaged in looking for beauty; very frequently engaged in creating it. He has a sight to see the flowering of the soul and a voice to lend despair ere dumbness can perpetuate its solitude. He is indolent, yet if once he knows a thing he can make it appear to sing. His passion for personality makes the whole world more vivid to the imagination; and when he sings with the accent of conviction, even his dreams begin to be true. If the criterion of reality be feeling, the imaginative poet's power is great indeed, for he sings souls into courage, compassion, anger, remorse, patriotism.

The second best utterance about poetry in Mr. Cowl's volume is Dr. Johnson's. "The essence of poetry", he says, "is invention; such invention as, by producing something unexpected, surprises and delights". If, as we think, the highest kind of poetry is lyrical, Dr. Johnson's remark calls for unqualified assent. Every fresh melodic idea which comes into the world is a popular joy. The immediate and superb success of "The Hound of Heaven" is a case in point. It was a new melody sung by a new voice. It produced, whether the reader was Christian or pagan, a genuine excitement. Such excitement is unquestionably superior to that evoked by dramatic blank verse. Lyrical verse excites by emotion working through a flexible tune: narrative is not needed, or can be confined to mere personifications of qualities or aims. Dramatic blank verse excites by the same devices as a novel, and never or hardly ever occupies the mind of the listener from first to last without that mind being sensible occasionally of its ability to notice other matters than those of which the dramatist treats. Solger says "everything must be action or emotion" in poetry, and to neglect of this truth may be ascribed the failure of many poets to interest their readers continuously. "Thought for feeling's sake, and feeling for feeling's sake, are poetry", remarks G. H. Lewes; and again the path is pointed away from the desert of soliloquy in blank verse. It is obvious that when, in 1575, Gascoigne told poets that "it is not enough to roll in pleasant words, nor yet to thunder in rym, ram, ruff . . . unless the invention have in it also aliquid salis", his voice did not reach far enough. Too many poets bury their best in mediocrity. Nothing intelligible is less readable than mediocre descriptions of scenery in prose or verse, and morality owes a debt to patience when it urges a second-rate poet to the production of a didactic work. If the industrious poet must always be a poet—if the motto "Nulla dies sine linea" will always command him to write and never, for a change, to fish—he will do well to remember what R. Hurd said in 1766: "Fiction, in the largest sense of the word, is essential to poetry; for its purpose is, not to delineate truth simply, but to present it in the most taking forms".

Prose has, in contrast with poetry, no fame for sonant beauties among the crowd: "The ear is overglutted with it", said Puttenham in 1589; adding that prose is "not so voluble and slipper upon the tongue" as verse, "being wide and loose, and nothing numerous, nor contrived into measures and sounded with so gallant and harmonical accents". That is a criticism to set a depressed minor poet at ease; and yet it must be confessed that second-rate poetry is mocked by irony when good prose is read before or after it. For good prose is innocent of both kinds of poetic licence, the candid kind which makes adverbs of adjectives and

the secret kind which makes thought the slave of rhyme. Wordsworth affirmed that there is "no essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition"; and Shelley allowed that "the distinction between poets and prose writers is a vulgar error". One thing is clear, however, the production of poetry implies an attempt at virtuosity, the production of prose does not. Only the artist recognises the technical triumphs of prose; the rabble know no difference between one style of prose and another. Even a prejudice against Latinisms and a passion for the Anglo-Saxon surviving in our tongue do not imply an ear for prose. Nevertheless prose can be great; and there are minor prosers as well as minor poets.

But prose, alas! can never hope to be a synonym, as poetry is, for the fragrance and colour, the height and intensity of life. To Hazlitt all the great emotions and all that was worth remembering were poetry. To us poetry is less than Hazlitt thought it; yet when some vanished hour of joy returns, rosy as the sun-warmed present, at the strong invocation of a song, we know and acknowledge the magical might of art, the deathless child that immortalises the name of its mortal creator.

FRANCE QUAND MÊME.

"France Herself Again." By Ernest Dimnet. Chatto and Windus. 16s. net.

THE ENGLISH are now blood-brothers to the French. We turn to M. Dimnet's book with as much sympathy as interest. For many reasons besides that of the existing alliance in arms, we rejoice in the great work of restoration which has been accomplished in his country since the military catastrophe of 1870, and particularly in its brilliant manifestations during the last few years. A good deal of talk, often vague, has been heard about the "new France", and M. Dimnet helps us to knowledge of what that phrase means, or, rather, of what it has meant in the immediate past. There is no need for any man to tell us what the national spirit actually is to-day, for it is showing itself in noble action. We look to M. Dimnet's book to give account of the causes, which have produced such great effect. We look to M. Dimnet with confidence. His work is well known to readers of this REVIEW as that of a patriotic Frenchman intimately read in the politics and literature of his country.

Following the downfall of France's reputation as a military power at Sedan and the unhappy episode of the Commune, arose an idea that the country which had suffered such disasters was worthy rather of pity than respect. Lusty new nations such as Germany and Italy monopolised public attention. Few realised what immense reserve of power was stored in the old country of Gaul, Latin, and Frank. Even such extraordinary examples of vitality as the rapid payment of the national ransom extorted by Bismarck, the heroic sacrifices made in reforming the army, the progress in education, and the establishment of a colonial system second only to our own, failed to convince many. Those who had come to condole refused to congratulate; to them the tricolour seemed always at half-mast. Several reasons together accounted for this condition of mind, but our immediate object is to seek how far was France herself responsible. The first part of M. Dimnet's book is devoted to this question, and it is a valuable guide. Let us at once admit that the author does not write as a judge. We must regard him rather as the very able counsel for the prosecution in a case where the Third Republic is the defendant, but we must remember also that he speaks with sincerity unexpected in a court of law.

His case against "Marianne" is a strong one. From the time of the Panama scandals to that of the Caillaux case she has suffered in reputation. Between the indicted period of the Third Republic and that of our two first Georges some apt comparisons might be drawn. Both governments had similar defects, both were uninspiring, but both presented a way out of a

difficulty. Even the contempt of politics and the average man's attitude of "je m'en fichisme" concerning them were not, we suspect, without their use. France, at the fall of the Second Empire, was divided into several hostile camps. It seemed a matter of immense importance whether rule was to pass to Legitimist, Orleanist, or Republican, whether a Bonaparte could be restored, or what was to be the precise shade of republicanism adopted. The echoes of these disputes were louder than the German guns. Marshal Bazaine forgot, until the Duc d'Aumale reminded him, that, whatever else changed, there was always France to serve. M. Dimnet deplores the hold which party feeling has on Parliament, but it must be admitted that, if the outlook of the politician has sometimes seemed narrow, there has been a compensating broadening of public opinion. It is a tenable hypothesis that men had to be disgusted with factions before they could become patriots, and that the Dreyfus affair was a medicine which at first produced alarming symptoms but was necessary to a cure.

M. Dimnet dates the restoration of national health at the moment of the Kaiser's dramatic visit to Morocco in 1905. Certainly it was from this time that the new spirit of patriotism began to be felt, yet we feel that the body it came to inhabit must for some while have been strong. "If France was the victim of politicians her own heart was sound", writes the author, and no statement in his book is more worthy of notice. It may be fairly doubted whether all the dangerous experiments of the three previous decades had as much as ruffled the cautious democracy of peasants and small shopkeepers, and we may be sure that they had been turned but little from their normal paths by the morbid imaginings of Taine or the scholar flippancy of Renan. When M. Dimnet shows how closely have been connected the changes in politics with those in literature and manners under the Third Republic, we are conscious that his moral applies rather to a class than a nation. Revolutionary syndicalism is, of course, a different matter, but one at least of its terrors has been destroyed. The general strike in case of war, solemnly approved at so many congresses and ratified as lately as last July, is proved a myth. Delight in danger is in the French temperament. Sometimes it leads Frenchmen to play with one or other of those ideas which M. Dimnet feels are subversive to the sanity of the State. Also, it has given them pre-eminence among the pioneers of submarine and aerial navigation.

The legend of French decadence was for many years industriously circulated from various motives. On the one hand it was cried by jealous rivals, sensationalists, and posers, and on the other by excellent patriots, zealous for reform. It was the obsession of the novel and to some extent it still holds the stage, but it was for all practical purposes exploded by a generation of young men with steady heads and active bodies. We need not, perhaps, take too seriously those who believe that a display of energy must always end in a "coup de force" against established institution. "Vive le roi" has been chalked on a good many walls, but writing on the wall, though always a bad omen, does not necessarily foretell the end of the Republic. The growth of the League of Patriots is far more significant, but we are by no means sure that such institutions as the Racing Club are not even greater portents. Those who have loved France for many years find it hard to understand the clean-shaven sportsman who turns up his trousers like an Englishman and runs for pleasure whereas his father only marched to order. M. Dimnet is half amused, half startled, by this person whose legs he thinks are more active than his tongue, and he clearly regrets that the new type of Frenchman is not more characteristically French. He need not be alarmed. The writer of this review spent an afternoon last July at the Racing Club with the sons of a Catholic poet and a Socialist deputy, close friends, devoted to one another and to their common interest in "le sport". The hours passed with them were more im-

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UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL FUNDING SCHEME.

The Government of the United States of Brazil having decided to fund for three years—namely, from the 1st of August, 1914, to the 31st of July, 1917, both inclusive—the interest on the External Debt, His Excellency the Minister of Finance, acting in conformity with the Law No. 2,857 of the 17th of June, 1914, and the Presidential Decree No. 11,182 of the 3rd of October, 1914, has authorised Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons to ISSUE an amount not exceeding £15,000,000 nominal Capital FIVE per CENT. FUNDING BONDS, specially secured by a second charge upon the Customs Revenues, as hereinafter mentioned.

The following Loans will be included in the Funding Scheme:—

The 4 per Cent. Loan of 1883.
The 4 per Cent. Loan of 1888.
The 4 per Cent. Loan of 1889.
The 5 per Cent. Loan of 1895.
The 5 per Cent. Loan of 1908.
The 4 per Cent. Loan of 1910.
The 4 per Cent. Loan of 1911.
The 5 per Cent. Loan of 1913.
The 4 per Cent. Railway Guarantees Rescission Bonds.
The 5 per Cent. Companhia Lloyd Brasileiro Bonds.
The Lloyd Brasileiro 4 per Cent. Bonds.
The 4 per Cent. Bonds of 1911 for £2,400,000 (Ceara Railway Loan).
The 5 per Cent. Loans of 1908-9 for Frs.100,000,000 (Colon Itapira Corumba Railway Loan).
The 4 per Cent. Loan (1910) for Frs.100,000,000 (Goyaz Railway Loan).
The 4 per Cent. Gold Loan, 1911, for Frs.60,000,000 (Viacao Bahiana Loan), and

The 5 per Cent. Loan of 1909 for Frs.40,000,000 (Recife Port Loan).
The Sinking Funds and Redemption of the above Loans, and also of the 5 per Cent. Loan of 1903, will be suspended for 13 years from the 1st of August, 1914. Holders of the Bonds of the 4 per Cent. Loan of 1911, amounting to £117,700, which were drawn for repayment on the 1st of September, 1914, and not paid, will receive the equivalent amount in 5 per Cent. Funding Bonds in exchange for the same.

The Government also reserves the right to apply £2,500,000 of the Funding Bonds (which amount is included in the above-mentioned £15,000,000) during the three years ending on the 31st of July, 1917, for the Railways and Port Works having a distinct guarantee in gold.

The whole amount of the Companhia Lloyd Brasileiro 5 per Cent. Bonds of 1906 now outstanding—namely, £210,500—will be paid off on the 1st of October, 1927, on which date the Sinking Fund of the Lloyd Brasileiro 4 per Cent. Bonds will also be put in operation.

An amount of 5 per cent. Funding Bonds equivalent to the ascertained yearly surplus arising from the difference between the amount of the guarantees of the Government in respect of the railways, and the amount of the interest and Sinking Fund of the Railway Guarantees Rescission 4 per cent. Bonds, as well as the sums arising from the leasing or disposal of the Railways, will be issued and sold in the market, the proceeds being applied to the purchase of Rescission Bonds for the Sinking Fund.

The whole of the present issue of 5 per cent. Funding Bonds will be specially secured by the Rio de Janeiro Customs Revenues, on which they will be a charge immediately after provision has been made for the amount required for interest and Sinking Fund of the existing 5 per cent. Funding Bonds of 1895, which constitutes the first charge.

(The amount of the 5 per cent. Funding Bonds of 1895 in circulation at the present time is £8,451,000.)

The Bonds will also be secured by the Customs Revenues of the other ports of the Union, should the Rio de Janeiro Customs at any time prove insufficient.

The 5 per cent. Funding Bonds will be free from all Brazilian Taxes. The Bonds will be to bearer in sums of £20, £100, £500, and £1,000 each, with Coupons for Interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, payable quarterly on the 1st of November, the 1st of February, the 1st of May, and the 1st of August, in London, in pounds sterling, and in Paris, Amsterdam, and Brussels at the exchange of the day on London.

The Bonds will be redeemed by an Accumulative Sinking Fund of one-half per cent. per annum, to be applied half-yearly by purchase of Bonds when the price is under par, and when at or above par by drawings. The Redemption of the Bonds by means of the Sinking Fund will commence at the end of 10 years from the 31st of July, 1917, but the Government reserves the right to pay off the Loan at par at any time.

This Funding Scheme was formulated with the approval of Dr. Wenceslao Braz, President-Elect of the Republic, who expressed his satisfaction with the Scheme and added his assurance that during his term of office he would do his utmost to restore the credit of his country to its former high level by a policy of strict retrenchment and wise economy.

The following are the conditions to be observed by holders of Bonds of the before-enumerated Loans for the funding of their Coupons, which are to be presented as they become due up to 31st of July, 1917, inclusive.

In exchange for their Coupons holders will receive a Receipt for the amount lodged.

These Receipts must be presented, in amounts of not less than £20, to be exchanged for Scrip which will be afterwards exchanged for Bonds of the Five per Cent. Funding Loan.

The smallest denomination of Bond being £20, Certificates will be given for fractional parts of £20, and these fractional Certificates may be afterwards exchanged for Scrip or Bonds in like manner with the Receipts—that is to say, in amounts of not less than £20.

New Court, E.C., 19th October, 1914.

Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Sons beg to announce that they are prepared to receive the following Coupons for funding under the scheme, particulars of which are announced as above, namely:—

Of the Brazilian 5 per Cent. Loan of 1895, due 1st August, 1914.
" Brazilian 4 per Cent. Loan of 1910, due do.
" Brazilian 4 per Cent. Loan of 1911, due 1st September, 1914.
" Brazilian 4 per Cent. Loan of 1888, due 1st October, 1914.
" Brazilian 4 per Cent. Loan of 1889, due do.
" Brazilian 5 per Cent. Loan of 1913, due do.
" Lloyd Brasileiro 5 per Cent. Sterling Bonds, due do.
" Lloyd Brasileiro 4 per Cent. Sterling Bonds, due do.

Also the Bonds of the Brazilian 4 per Cent. Loan of 1911, drawn for repayment on the 1st September, 1914, but not paid.

Printed forms to be applied for and the Coupons left a few days for examination.

New Court, St. Swithin's Lane, 19th October, 1914.

pressive than some others in the gallery of the Chamber listening to a wrangle over an election petition. When these young men and their contemporaries take control of affairs they will not be apathetic under ill-government nor quarrelsome over trifles; they will have the will and power to preserve the true unity of their country. Further, it is not to be assumed hastily that the new generation lacks any of the wits of their fathers; we are assured from many personal friendships that the exact opposite is the case. France can still be the world's workshop for ideas, but the French will no longer be content to allow other nations to reap the whole rich harvest of their practice.

LATEST BOOKS.

"Philip the King, and Other Poems." By John Masefield. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

There is nothing in this book of verse to add to Mr. Masefield's reputation. The poem which has pride of length and place is in general effect a complete failure. It shows us King Philip II. waiting for news of his Armada. There is too much machinery—visions, messengers, spirits—and too little justification for its employment. Were it not for some successful descriptions of Philip's driven ships we should dismiss the whole work as an uninspired effort to reach back into the theatre of Elizabeth. There are, however, better things than "King Philip" in this volume—notably the tale of a ship done to death in a foul quicksand and the tale of another ship which found success after a run of evil luck. Mr. Masefield is best—even when he is least ardent—in dealing with ships and the sea. But even in the poems we have mentioned there is nothing so good as the wind and spray of "Dauber". Mr. Masefield seems to need another sea-voyage. His last poems have some sounding lines; but there is no true note of song. They do not rise above competent rhetoric.

"Napoleon's Russian Campaign of 1812." By Edward Foord. Hutchinson. 16s. net.

Mr. Foord has taken pains to put together a close chronicle of Napoleon's great disaster. He does not profess to write as a soldier, or even as a theoretical strategist. He has studied the documents and tells a story. The story in itself is so vast in outline and tragic in purport that it cannot fail to overwhelm the mind even though it be recorded without the ambitious intention of grasping at an epic presentation. Mr. Foord, though his gifts are admirably suited to the work he has undertaken, is not perhaps the historian to do full justice to his mighty theme. The Russian campaign of 1812 becomes even more terrible a tragedy the more accurately we measure and respect the genius of Napoleon. The ruin of his army, awful as it appears in these formal pages, was also the symbol of its leader's ruined pride and ambition. A great intellect thwarted—turning savagely to right and left—to be ultimately confounded by the grand insensibility of its opponent—that is the spiritual tragedy of 1812. Mr. Foord seems too anxious to see justice done upon a malefactor. He is too reluctant to let us see the greatness of Napoleon to impress us successfully with the greatness of Napoleon's ruin. But the facts are here; and they speak for themselves.

"Who Is Responsible?" By Cloudesley Brereton. Harrap. 7d. net.

This is one of the best of the many pamphlets on the war we have received. Mr. Brereton wisely begins with a serious appeal to his readers not to underrate the strength of the enemy. He realises that we are fighting a country nursed for a generation upon a bitter and violent creed—that we have to fight this country to the last coin and the last man. Mr. Brereton begins by showing what this creed has done for Germany—how it has turned the quiet, deep-thinking contemporary of Goethe into an assertive, aggressive and menacing eater of Prussian fire. How Germany has dealt with her neighbours in war and policy is briefly told—incidentally how the present war has been forced upon Powers anxious for peace and without the least wish to alarm or offend their present adversary. Full justice is done, we are glad to note, to the scientific efficiency and strength of Germany. We have ourselves insisted again and again that it would be rash folly for any member of the league against Germany to underrate her power. At the same time, we can legitimately recognise that there are weaknesses inherent in that power. Too much organisation, the stifling of criticism, the strict organisation of learning and speech has its perils as well as its advantages; and Great Britain trusts in this war to show that the virtues of freedom, honour and mercy have a real value in the struggle of nations. We rather regret that Mr. Brereton has ended a pamphlet so wise and well-informed upon the note of internationalism. We cannot agree with him that this war will end in a reduction of armaments and in a confederation of nations under a superior Hague Tribunal. Nor do we

think that "Germany is a standing warning of the dangers of a too exclusively man-made civilisation". This last statement, to be frank, borders perilously upon nonsense.

Mr. Frank Brangwyn and Mr. Edmund Dulac have designed for the "Evening News" and the "Daily Mail" Red Cross Fund two beautiful little series of six poster stamps. It is suggested that children should sell these stamps in order to collect money for the Red Cross. It is a very good idea and a very worthy work. We wish that the postage stamps, to say nothing of the new £1 and 10s. notes, had been designed with anything like the taste and skill of these admirable little pictures.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BIOGRAPHY.

Autobiography of Maharshi Devendranath Tagore. 7s. 6d. net; Henri Bergson (Algot Ruhe). 5s. net; The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman (H. G. Wells). 6s. Macmillan. Reminiscences of Tolstoy (Count Ilya Tolstoy). Chapman. 10s. 6d. net. Berkeley and Percival (B. Rand). Cambridge Press. 9s. My Autobiography (S. S. McClure). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

EXPLORATION AND TRAVEL.

Through Siberia (Fridtjof Nansen). Heinemann. 15s. net. From Connaught to Chicago (Geo. A. Birmingham). Nisbet. 5s. net. Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled (Hudson Stuck). Laurie. 16s. net.

HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

A History of the Peninsular War (Charles Oman). 5 vols. £3 12s. net; The Fall of Canada (Geo. M. Wrong). Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d. net. A Short History of Rome (E. E. Bryant). Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d. net. Children of France (E. M. Graham). Methuen. 6s. net. William Pitt and the Great War (J. Holland Rose). 7s. 6d. net; English Economic History (A. E. Bland). 6s. net. Bell. Religion and Art (Alessandro Della Seta). Unwin. 21s. net. Invasion of France, 1814 (Capt. T. W. O. Maycock). Allen and Unwin. 5s.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Electron Theory of Matter (O. Richardson). 18s. net; A School Electricity (C. J. L. Wagstaff). 5s. net; Water, Sewage and Foods (J. E. Purvis, M.A.). 9s. net. Cambridge University Press. The Philosophy of Change (H. Weldon). Macmillan. 6s.

THEOLOGY.

The One Christ (Frank Weston). Longmans. 6s. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

France Herself Again (Ernest Dimnet). Chatto and Windus. 16s. net. The Influence of the Press (R. A. Scott-James). Partridge. 2s. net. The United States and Peace (W. H. Taft). 5s. net; Concerning Animals (E. H. Aitken). 6s. net. Murray. Work and Wages (S. J. Chapman). Longmans. 9s.

(Many books received are not included in this list.)

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SINCE it last changed hands what a good, reliable little evening paper "The Globe" has become! Under its recent ownership it grew so rapid, and at the same time lost so much of the old literary flavour which gave it a distinction all its own, that it became to us quite unreadable. When, therefore, the war clouds grew thunderous it was the last paper we thought of buying. But soon the hour came, and the mood which made one say, "Give me the latest," and in answer to that request we several times became possessed of a "Globe." Its tone was so non-sensational; it neither yelled nor foamed at the mouth, and was so quiet and restrained that all prejudices vanished, and now we say, "Give me 'The Globe,' please." Its politics? Well, really we could not tell you what its politics are now! Are there any politics beyond "Shoulder to shoulder; stand fast all in defence of our liberty and civilisation"?—*Investors' Review*.

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